



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



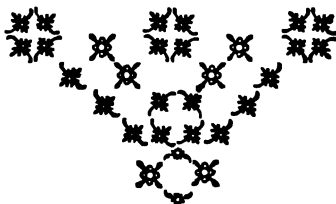


600076277Z



JOHN BUNCLE, JUNIOR,

GENTLEMAN.



D U B L I N :



PRINTED BY W. KIDD,

For W. WHITESTONE, B. CORCORAN, D. CHAMBER-
LAINE, J. POTTS, J. HOEY, J. WILLIAMS, W.
COLLES, T. ARMITAGE, T. WALKER, C. JENKIN,
T. EUART, W. SPOISWOOD, and C. TALBOT.

MDCCLXXVI.

270. 9. 717.

58

10. 11. 1917. 10. 11. 1917.

11. 11. 1917. 11. 11. 1917.

12. 11. 1917. 12. 11. 1917.

13. 11. 1917. 13. 11. 1917.

14. 11. 1917. 14. 11. 1917.

15. 11. 1917. 15. 11. 1917.

16. 11. 1917. 16. 11. 1917.

17. 11. 1917. 17. 11. 1917.

18. 11. 1917. 18. 11. 1917.

19. 11. 1917. 19. 11. 1917.

20. 11. 1917. 20. 11. 1917.

21. 11. 1917. 21. 11. 1917.

22. 11. 1917. 22. 11. 1917.



C O N T E N T S.

	Page.
T I T L E P A G E S - -	1
<i>Editions</i> - - -	18
<i>Dedications</i> - - -	31
<i>Anecdotes of J. B.</i> - -	47
<i>Sentimental Writing</i> - Let. 1. -	71
<i>Characters on the Road</i> - Let. 2. -	87
<i>Contrasts</i> - Let. 3. -	113
<i>Sketch of London</i> - Let. 4. -	137
<i>Elections</i> - - Let. 5. -	185
<i>Talkative Woman</i> - Let. 6. -	211
<i>Groundless Fears</i> - Let. 7. -	231
<i>Self-Importance</i> - Let. 8. -	245

T I T L E P A G E S ,

A N D

E D I T I O N S .

Parva leves capiunt animas.

OVID. ARS AMOR.

————— but then
These little things are great to little men.

T I T L E P A G E S .

BUT what's your TITLE, Sir, your TITLE? cries the first dealer in science to whom I applied, the moment the MS. was put into his hands.

You see, "JOHN BUNCLE, *junior*."

WITH a significant *pish*, he declared it was too simple, much too simple; it would never take.

WHY not? says I, it will distinguish
B 2 mine

mine from every other publication ; and let its *merits* do the rest.

MERITS ! This is just the stile of a young author ! Why, sir, tell me, in the name of common sense, can the merits of a book ooze themselves into the first page, or sweat thro' the binding ? Your's is a title that says nothing ; and therefore cannot possibly display its merits, supposing it possessed any.

I WAS going to reply, but he saved me the trouble by continuing his harangue.

“ Is not this an age, Mr. Buncle, in which every man, who would make his way in the world, will take care not to *conceal* the least shadow of merit that may belong to him ? Will a tradesman be contented with having the choicest assortment of goods in his shop, without tempting the eye with an exhibition at the window ? Do not our news-papers, and advertisements in every corner of the streets, abound

TITLE PAGES. 5

abound with such descriptions of vendible commodities, as may best allure men to purchase? Are not their advantages, their beauties, their elegancies carefully display'd, from a nobleman's villa, to your patentee blacking-cakes? from your superb hotels at the polite end of the town, to a two-penny lodging in Broad St. Giles's? from your refined academies, which profess to give human nature its last polish, to a night-school, where *reedin* and *spellin* is *carfully* taut? In a word, is not every thing upon a large scale? Do not you see great choice of goods promised, where you can scarcely meet with a single sample? The best Coniac, and Wines neat as imported, at every *gin-shop*? The Warehouse for shoes and boots inscribed upon every *cobler's stall*?

‘BUT *Literary* productions, sir, are superior to such mean arts.’

6 TITLE PAGES.

He laughed heartily at my simplicity. "You pretend to describe men and manners, forsooth! Why, sir, they are full as necessary here, as in any other article put up to sale." He assured me, that many an excellent treatise, to his knowledge, was sunk down to everlasting oblivion, merely by the dead weight of its title page: and that as to himself, he had rather be concerned in the worst performance that ever reeked from the brain of a Dunce, artfully fet off with a name that possesses some secret grace to attract the public notice, than in the works of the most towering Genius, ushered into the world with a flat, tame, insipid appellation. "When I was green in the business, sir, I tried the experiment: I entered into the humour of the author, simply announced the publication to the world, and as simply depended upon its merits for success.—But it would not do.—They were a drug upon my hands; and might have remained so to this day, had

TITLE PAGES. 7

had I not wiped off their dust, vamped them up with a new title-page, that was either interesting or pleasing, and sent them forth from our ark, *never to return*, thank heaven. If it was not in their nature to soar high in reputation, or fly to the most distant parts of the earth, I have often lent them wings strong enough to carry them fluttering thro' an edition or two, in spite of all the sands, bogs, and hillocks, which would otherwise infallibly have stopped their course."

THIS naturally excited my curiosity to know a little more of the secrets of his art: and as he was in a talkative mood, he readily gratified it.

"In some cases, said he, the merit is entirely *our own*; in others, the *authors* themselves shew so much ingenuity in this way, that the whole *forte* of their book seems to lie in its title.

B 4 "WHEN

“WHEN we publish the works of an author, whose *name is up*, as we phrase it, then indeed we dress them out in the plainest garb imaginable, prudently reserving our ornaments for those who stand more in need of them. The History of England, by Rapin de Thoiras, Philosophical Essays by David Hume, the Works of Alexander Pope, Dryden, Swift, &c. sufficiently recommend themselves; and in these cases, we love to shew how much we scorn to make use of little puffing arts, in order to impose upon public credulity.

“AGAIN, if an author has not yet arrived to so great a degree of eminence, why we charitably hope the best, as in *your* case; and by a spirit of prophecy, —which I confess sometimes fails us— we announce him to the world as the *Ingenious*, the *Learned*, the *Celebrated*, carefully displaying all his titles and offices, down to the chaplainship of a regiment;

ment; if they appear either poets of honour or of intelligence.

“ THESE bays we generally reserve for Historiographers, Biographers, writers of voyages and travels, and the rest of the troops that are *in our own pay*, Mr. Buncle.

“ IN slight summer readings, consisting of cursory remarks, light essays upon trite subjects, private histories, novels, romances, pieces of poetry, &c. address is peculiarly requisite: and here, to confess the truth, authors *share* the bays with us at least. These publications are to be devoured immediately—like a morning paper, or a hot roll—or they are not worth a button.. In these cases we take no pains to make the Title of the book agree with its contents—quite the contrary——The *less* we reveal, the better chance of a sale—Our business is to catch the attention, which alone can

B. 5 be

10 TITLE PAGES.

be done by exciting curiosity; and this again by keeping people in the dark. We therefore make choice of some quaint but insignificant phrase, or curious antithesis, which, without revealing any thing, is calculated to set your superficial readers a longing. Titles of this sort are admirably adapted to *Circulating libraries*: every pretty Miss lends for them with impatience, and reads them with avidity. I could give you a list of them as long as my shop.

Something New.
Did you ever see such damned Stuff?
Agreeable Ugliness.
Beauty put to its Shifts.
The happy Extravagant.
Each Sex in their Humour.
Witty Extravagant.
Happy Repentance.
Happy Unfortunate.
Lucky Disaster.

"ALLITERATION again, succeeds incomparably well in fictitious names and titles, and saves an author's wit for the *inside* of his book. As for example:
Adultery

Adultery Anatomized.

Benjamin Bernard.

Betsy Biddle.

Betty Barnes.

Country Cousins.

Devil Dick.

Female Falshood.

Fortunate Foundling.

Frederic the Forsaken.

Jemmy Jeffamy.

Merry Medley.

Sally Sable, &c. &c.

“ WHERE a performance, on the contrary, is *rich* in materials, and we are not *ashamed* of our goods, we generally take care to let the world know it. The title page now becomes a downright chapter of contents; exhibiting, like a broker's shop, such a variety of articles to the view of the spectator, that the deuce is in it if none of them will catch him.

WHEN all these methods fail; and we cannot get our ware off our hands”—

—“You curse the author, I suppose,
for

for a blockhead, or the world, for its want of discernment; and sit down contented with your gains upon more fortunate productions.'

"No, not yet. We have still another card to play: which is such a master-stroke of policy, that the inventor ought to have a statue erected to his memory in *Stationer's Hall*.

"WHAT think you, sir, of reprinting the first page of a book, that has not been asked for a dozen times, and boldly calling it the *Second Edition, corrected and improved*?"

'WHAT think I? that it is a direct falsehood, and a gross imposition upon the public.'

"HUSH, hush! take care how you abuse your friends—You may stand in need of the assistance yourself, ere it be long.

long. It is true, we had rather they would save us this trouble : but if they cannot be prevailed upon to read for their edification, it is no *fault* of ours ; and why, in the name of justice, should the *loss* fall upon us ? Besides, sir, if, by this artifice, we make mankind wiser and better, which is the undoubted tendency of all our publications, I think, in my conscience, it is a fib well spent."

' WERE I to allow of this curious casuistry, Mr. Editor, I should still doubt of the efficacy of the means ; for if the *first* edition has nothing in it to engage the public attention, its being called a *second* or a *twentieth*, cannot make it a whit the better book.'

' THAT's true, sir, but it makes it *appear* the better, and this is enough for us. You must know that the generality of purchasers never trust to *their own* judg-

judgment in the books they buy. Some people have no opinion of a work till it has gone through two or three editions; and would scorn to disgrace their shelves with the *first* impression of a Locke, a Pope, or a Milton. Others again, do not desire to be wiser than their neighbours, and yet hate that their neighbours should be wiser than themselves. The sight of a *second* edition makes these gentry perfectly *ashamed*, and they run to our shops with numberless apologies for their inattention. In a word, sir, there are thousands who would have nothing to do with a book that does not *seem to take*; though it were written by the pen of *inspiration*; and *if* it takes, they will have it at all events, though too plainly penned with a *goose* quill."

' But to return; Mr. Editor, to this little production of your humble servant. What name would you advise me to give it?

" WHY,

"WHY, faith, I don't know. It is such an heterogeneous performance, that I can scarcely tell what to do with it. There is a share of merit in it, and it is too good for my common-place ones, and yet none of my *best* will fit it, I fear. However, my catalogue of virgin titles is not quite exhausted, I believe.—We will run it over, and see what we can find."

'VIRGIN titles! what do you mean?'

"WHY, fir, a man's inventive faculties are not always at home; when they are, he ought to use them. I often set myself down, when I am in a happy mood for composition, and invent a set of names, for productions, long before they exist.—They are sure to come into play one time or other——"

He was turning to the word SENTIMENT:—but I checked his hand.—
'Though to possess genuine Sentiment, said I, be the characteristic of every virtuous

tuous and sensible heart, yet at this delicate æra of British refinement, when every *Cook-maid* talks sentiment, and every *Porter* boasts of his sensibility, the word is become so wretchedly prostituted to subjects *void* of sentiment, that it must soon be thrown off amongst the exploded phrases. Positively, it begins to sound as disgusting in my ears as 'tis *great*, very *great*, *immensely great*, applied to Breslaw's tricks with a leg of mutton; or 'tis *clever*, *amazingly clever*, *infinitely fine*, referring to a boy beating minuets upon his chin.'

WELL then, let us look amongst the miscellaneous articles. Here is.

The Miscellaneous Traveller.
 Yet another Traveller.
 Something Newer.
 The Mental Don Quixote.
 The Spiritual Light-horse-man.
 The Moral Hussar.
 Truth wrapt up in a Falshood.
 A regular History of a roving Mind.
 A Word to the Wise, and a Scourge
 to the Unwise.

Or,

TITLE PAGES. 17

Or, if you like our *Alliteration* better,
what think you of calling yourself,

Billy Buncle.
Chearful Chatterer.
Lively Loiterer.
Talkative Traveller.
Prating Philosopher.

It must absolutely be something in
that stile."

'Tis hard, quoth I, very hard, that after an author has carefully skimmed the cream of his thoughts to regale the public, he must be obliged to inscribe *ASSES MILK* to *be sold* on the Postern.'

THIS unlucky expression offended my gentleman so greatly, that he turned from me without uttering another word; and wishing him a good day, I departed.

EDITIONS.

E D I T I O N S .

SO polite a congé from a citizen, induced me to apply to some bibliopolist of renown, on the West side of Temple-Bar; naturally presuming, that there I should meet with more enlarged sentiments. But unfortunately,

Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdin,
I fell into the other extreme. I addressed myself to one, whose sentiments were, in some respects, more enlarged than my own.

WITHOUT condescending to turn over my manuscript, or concerning himself about its contents, all his enquiries were confined to the *Form* in which I proposed to publish my work. He talked much about the beauty of Elziver editions, large types,

types, neat picas, royal paper, the peculiar grace of broad margins, and distant lines.

‘BUT, sir, this manner of printing will infallibly drive out a few familiar epistles, to several volumes quarto.’

“AYE, to be sure. You do not intend to publish them in a *meaner* form?”

‘SIR, my ambition rises no higher than to humble pocket volumes.’

“HUMBLE! why *bumble* pocket volumes? Though *little*, they may yet be *proud*—You propose doubtless to imitate the modern mode, and to have each single thought *elegantly set* in the centre of a duodecimo page? Suppose it a trifling one, the *Pomposity* of the frame will give it an air of consequence.”

‘I TOLD him I was by no means insensible to the charms of an elegant edition, yet his new mode was, in my opinion, a
most

most arbitrary and cruel tax upon men of letters; who in general can least afford to pay it.'

" MEN of letters, (quoth he) are so few in number, that they cannot reasonably expect particular attention should be paid them; and *entre nous*, they seldom concern themselves with books of this class: but for the public at large, it is the most kindly tax imaginable—It pleases every body—First, as to the Author; I have already hinted it is a happy and certain method of making a few thoughts *valuable*.—Besides, sir, the pleasure communicated by an elegant type and superfine paper, is imperceptibly ascribed to the beauty of sentiment, and clearness of expression in the work itself.—It is like enunciation in a public speaker; every thought has full justice done it, and is placed in the most conspicuous point of view. Whereas, the choicest ideas of the greatest Wit, huddled together in *narrow* lines, with

with a *misty* letter-press, and on *spungy* paper, lose all their brilliancy, and absolutely sink in with the ink.

“ AGAIN, it is more gratifying to the pride of the Reader. He sets himself down before a pompous Quarto, or Folio, with all the dignity of a Professor. Or, if he condescend to dip into these duodecimos, as he lolls upon the sofa, with his tooth-pick in his hand, he has the satisfaction to find that even in his indolent moments—he can soon become a very *voluminous* reader——

“ AND, sir, it is infinitely more to *our* advantage—A single article for a sixpenny magazine, will, according to this happy method of printing, swell itself into a treatise of half a crown or three shillings value; and the same train of ideas communicated to the world in an octavo for five, will, spread upon one of our Quarto's, entitle us to no less than *fifteen shillings*

lings or one *guinea* per volume—What a glorious interest this for the extraordinary consumption of paper!”

‘ I ACKNOWLEDGE, said I, that there is much force in your remarks, and they deserve attention. But these elegant editions, as they are necessarily more expensive than the others, must consequently diminish the number of purchasers.’

“ YOUR consequence is not so conclusive as you imagine. They may alter the class of customers, but they may also *increase* their numbers.”

‘ AYE! this is a paradox that wants explanation.’

“ WHY, Sir, expensive editions secure the custom of those, who, though they complain every thing is dear, will purchase nothing that is *cheap*. And the number of such, in this metropolis, is so very considerable, that, were they
Readers,

Readers, nine parts out of ten, would enquire the price of a book, exclaim against it as exorbitant, pay the money, and look with contempt upon an edition they might have had for one third of the value.

“AGAIN, a flattering edition excites every one’s curiosity. It is naturally supposed a work must have some intrinsic merit, or the editor would not have had the presumption to have been at such an extraordinary expence: and the whole impression stands a chance of being sold off, before the public are aware of their mistake.

“AND finally, these superb impressions are sure to draw the attention of most of your nobility and gentry; who collect books as they collect pictures, or keep mistresses—not from the great pleasure they take in either, but merely as articles of State. To the eyes of these personages,

sonages, your puny editions of the most respectable authors would cut but a despicable figure—For they would make no shew in their libraries.”

‘BUT do they pay *no* attention to the nature or contents of a book?’

“LITTLE or none, sir. They give an order for such a number of Folios, such a number of Quartos, or Octavos, according to the largeness and construction of their book-case; (—or perhaps Duodecimos, where a fortunate corner will admit them, provided the margins be very broad, the lines very distant, the paper superfine, and the type *a la Baskerville*.—) These are generally required to be the newest publications of some note, but the particular choice is generally left to ourselves—so it is often in our power to serve a Friend, Mr. BUNCLE.”

THE surprise I manifested at these declarations, was construed by him as bordering

g upon incredulity ; and, by way of
 orting their validity, he assured me
 a gentleman had sent him, the other
 several sets of books in boards, to be
 rmly bound ; some of which had
 in his possession *ten* or *fifteen* years,
 not a sheet of them was as yet cut
 . “ I was also called (says he) to re-
 pitre the empty shelves of a Noble-
 s study, in order to stock them from
 hop. Curiosity led me to take down
 n’s Natural History, which was up-
 i adjacent shelf, consisting, of about
 re volumes in Quarto; and I found
 the blundering Binder had lettered
 hole set towards the bottom, in an
 ted direction. This celebrated Phi-
 her hath, of consequence, stood upon
 cad, it may be seven years, and the
 rictor hath not the least suspicion of
 adignity done him.”

very favourable an account of *pom-*
Editions, and the hopes of conside-

able gains, by an inconsiderable hazard, made me more than half a convert to his scheme. For the Works of JOHN BUNCLE, *junior*, to appear in four or five volumes Quarto; to be bound in red Morocco; sumptuously Gilt and Lettered on the back; and placed upon a conspicuous shelf in a splendid Library, I will confess, did not a little flatter my vanity:—and yet, upon recollection, it hurt my pride to be treated like a *livery Servant*;—a meer vassal to another's greatness: and to have all the praises due to the brilliancy of my thoughts, lavished upon the *Printer* or *Bookseller*. 'No,' said I, in a muttering accent,—when I write it is to be *read*, not *gazed* at, to *correct*, not *countenance* folly.' However, I thought it prudent to conceal from my Chapman this inward contest between Avarice and Pride. But to make a virtue of rejecting his advice, I placed my refusal to the score of *consistency*. I observed, that although I had not much objection

tion to satyrizing *others*, I did not like to hit *myself* a slap on the face. ‘ Some years ago, said I, my youthful muse brought forth a few lines in *ridicule* of these *pompous publications* ; in which, either fortunately or unfortunately, there are several ideas similar to your own. Whether they contain any of the true *attic salt*, or favor of the *sal catharticum amarum*, possessing more bitterness than pungency ; or whether there be *salt* of any kind in them, I shall leave you to judge—Here they are—

When authors of old brought their works in
light,

* *Multum in parvo*'s the motto to which they had rig^ht

But now 'tis revers'd,—their matter is flighter,

* *Parvum in multo* belongs to each *modern* writer.

Deep margins, large letters, the lines at a distance ;

'Stead of genius prolific, become their assistance,

Each pitiful *Rhymster* has such a proud heart too,

He scorns to exhibit, in less than a *Quarto* ;

And like a physician, expecteth rich fees

For being as pompous, and empty as he is.

When I read a large volume, with scarce any print

(An emblem too just of the little that's in't,)

Which stript of the swelling parade of its drefs,

Would sink to a *sixpenny* pamphlet, or less ;

I think of that worshipful bird, the grave owl,

Which robb'd of its feathers, is but a *small* fowl ;

Or the peacock you've seen on the stage, and have
smil'd,

To hear it contain'd or a *dwarf* or a *child* ;

Or, a miser, that wraps up in papers a-many,

You'd thick it a treasure—an old silver penny ;

Or, a Dutchman's large breeches, that cover a bum,

No larger perhaps than the *bulb of one's thumb*.

Indeed I'll confess, that I sometimes am hurried,

Left under such loads their poor wit should lie
buried,

* Pronounced *mult'in parvin*.

And

And suffer the fate of a *jay* I've seen hop
 In the chinks of some reams, in a stationer's shop.
 But yet to their comfort, a *Flea* will draw breath
 Through clothes that would smother large bodies to
 death.
 And *book-Lice* will crawl under burdens with *ease*,
 That would give you or me a most terrible squeeze.

When I'd written thus far, cries a friend, what's
 the matter?
 Pray lay down your pen, and chain up your satire.
 Wit is *scarce* now a-days; you must take it for
 granted
 To give something more, for what's so much *wanted*.
 The *last* happy age, abounding in treasure,
 Dealt it out very cheap, with special good measure.
 But now, *times are hard*; they cannot afford it
 So cheap by three fourths, and yet they don't *board* it.
 Your dealers in this kind of food, let me tell ye,
 Though their *stock is but small*, are quite *willing* to
 sell ye;
 And lest their dear country should perish for hunger,
Unripe as it is, they will keep it no longer.
 How generous this! Then be not too nice;
 Take what you can get, tho' you pay double price.
 In short, wit is scarce, he that has it may *boast* on't,
 And they who have little—must e'en make the *most*
 on't.

My gentleman did not like to recognize his sentiments, when they seemed to be the subject of *ridicule*; and degenerating into the ceremonious complaisance of the truly *Polite*, upon the verge of a quarrel, we took a formal leave of each other.

THE truths uttered by our Bibliopoliſt, have had, however, ſuch weight with me, who deſire at all times to be open to conviction, that I have reſolved to approach nearer to the modern mode of publication than was originally intended—‘ If a handſomer fee, (thought I) will either give *greater efficacy* to my preſcriptions, or tender them more *extenſively uſeful*—Well, be it ſo. Let *Benevolence* forbid any little fooliſh ſcruples of mine from being *prejudicial* to mankind.’

DEDICA-

DEDICATIONS.

LE flatteur reunit dans son caractere plusieurs vices infames—IL est *menteur*, en disant des choses qu'il ne croit point—IL est *Poltron*, car il n'ose dire ce qu'il pense—IL est *mechant*, car il verse de l'huile sur le feu de l'amour d'autrui—& IL est *Ennemi secret* de ceux dont il se dit ami, car par ses flatteries, il les tient dans leurs mauvaises habitudes.

OXENSTERN *Penses diverses.*

Vol. I. p. 140.

DEDICATIONS.

THE *third* personage, to whom I addressed myself, smiled as I related to him the substance of the preceding dialogues; and he was pleased to observe, that they took off the Trade tolerably well. But this gentleman's ideas were concentered in *bandsome* DEDICATIONS. As soon as the nature of the work was explained to him, and he had skimmed over a page or two of the MS. "Well, but (says he) where's your DEDICATION? Whose patronage do you intend to solicit?"

'No body's, sir. Perhaps I may inscribe the work to the fair companions of my tour; or to the lovely *Maria*, to whom the greater part of the letters were written.'

“THAT must not be,” quoth my friendly monitor. “Were your ladies, beautiful as *Venus*, wise as *Minerva*, chaster than *Diana*, I would advise you now to drop the man of *gallantry*, and assume the man of *prudence*; rest contented with the offerings you have already made to the shrine of their merits, and learn, tradesman like, to sacrifice every other passion to the shrine of your own emolument. By all means look out for some *Mæcenæ*s to usher you into the world with *eclat*. Here is a charming opportunity of paying your respects to one of the Noblemen, whose seats you have visited; of which, by the way, it is advisable to give a flattering description. What say you of addressing the Earl *Temple*?—A. most respectable character, and a friend to liberty.—Or the young Duke of *Devonshire*, who promises to do honour to the nobleness of his birth and family?—Or the Duke of *Bridgewater*, whose ingenuity and amazing enterprize
for

for the public good, are the admiration of all Europe? Secure the friendship of either of these gentlemen, and your fortune is made. For, exclusive of the genteel present, you may reasonably expect in payment for your incense, the honour of their illustrious Names may double the sale of your work; and be of similar advantage upon any future occasion."

' I AM not acquainted with either of these noblemen.' '

" So much the better. It is easier for you to imagine them possessed of every possible perfection: and as you know not any *ill* of them, Christian charity requires you to believe all that is *good*."

" WERE I to compliment them at all, it should be, not as men of elevated Rank or splendid Fortunes, but as men of *Virtue* and *good Sense*, which is the only distinction I revere. Yet if they be the former, they will detest flattery; if the
lat-

latter, they will easily penetrate through my servile designs.’

“THESE syllogistical *ifs*, Mr. Buncle, are very troublesome: they interrupt the usual course of business; and they will prove very unprofitable both to you and me.”

‘THEN, sir, to adapt my language to my subject, and not to be suspected of palliating a meanness which I abhor, I will speak in plainer terms. Dedications are, according to the usual stile of them, the grossest insult a man can possibly commit. Surcharged as they are with nauseating falsehoods, they speak these honest truths; viz. that the adulator is a KNAVE, and that he treats his patron as a FOOL. It equally moves my indignation, to observe an Author sit down to invent a certain quantity of extravagant compliments, in order to soothe the ear of a frail mortal, like himself, and to see his Patron sit patiently and

and cordially to receive them. The most *perfect* of human characters is yet *fallible*. No genuine portrait of any man can be drawn without the use of *shades*. But in this species of painting, the *brighest* colours alone are to be employed; one *darker tint* would destroy the whole:—every portrait therefore must lose its likeness;—it must be *false*.

‘ BESIDES, I should be sorry to *injure* the person whom I attempted to celebrate.’

“ INJURE him; what do you mean?”

‘ WHY, sir,

“ Praise undeserved, is satire in disguise.”
So many transcendant virtues are daily lavished upon the *Wortblefs*, that when I see an author take such pains to prove his patron super-excellent, I am tempted to suppose he is varnishing over some infamous flaw in his character. The panegyrist may, perhaps, satisfy his conscience

science by calling it *Irony*; but it is rather too cruel to hold a man up to public contempt, and endeavour to render him *vain* of his accomplishments, at the same instant."

"THESE refined speculations, Mr. Buncle, will not fill our pockets. If you have any regard for your work, or intend that I should get any thing by you, prepare a handsome dedication I say, and look out for some one to whom you may inscribe it."

"WELL, sir, though I comply with *your* humour in writing a dedication, I shall consult *my own* in the choice both of subject and manner.—However, don't be startled, for I shall address myself to such Respectable Personages, that the first nobleman in the realm would not be disgraced by an alliance with them. Give me pen, ink, and paper."

I RETIRED into a parlour behind the shop, and wrote the following.

DE-

D E D I C A T I O N.

T O

RELIGION, VIRTUE,

A N D

P L E A S A N T R Y.

May it please your Excellencies,

SO sincerely do I detest adulation, and in such a sovereign contempt do I hold the servility of most Dedications, that I had resolv'd, should it ever be my lot to commence Author, to omit that ceremony altogether, and send my productions into the world, without either *Friend* or *Patron*; rather than purchase the one or the other, by offering up to VANITY, the incense of FALSHOOD. But no sooner did I think of laying this little production

tion at *your* feet, than these my resolutions vanished ; as in truth, every objection was at once removed.

TO YOU, FAIR LADIES, and to you *alone* it is, that in saying the *politest*, we are able to say the *truest* things, without the most distant charge of Flattery. Nor is there any danger of mistake, were we to lavish upon YOU, the *most excellent, right reverend, or right honourable Titles* upon earth. YE are the STANDARDS of what is *great, good, beautiful* and *happy* ! The characters of all men are alone estimated, according to their proximity to *your* model. It is YOU, whom we admire in every good and upright, and happy Being—Under *your* influence, mortals may be as Gods upon the earth, at once enjoying, and communicating felicity !

WHAT, O PIETY, what could we not assert in thy praise ! Thou art the balm of life ;—the best antidote to its
nume-

numerous ills.—Thou gildest the black cloud of calamity ;—and thou teachest Man, like a skilful mariner, to descry the *fairest weather*, through the most boisterous storms. Thou enablest him to ride the roughest waves of adversity, laughing at the rude winds which raised them—Thou art the poor man's Wealth, yea, the *Richest* without thee are poor indeed. The *Good* love thee ; the *Wicked* acknowledge thine excellencies, and like *their father, the Devil, believe and tremble*. Thou art the source of transporting hope to all thy faithful Votaries. Nor can Mortals be willing to forego the happiness thou dost promise, and rest contented with the *portion* of BRUTES, until their *vices* have rendered them viler than the beasts in their stalls, and greater vermin upon the earth than those which infest their habitations !

VIRTUE, thou solid good ! Thou art but another name for Order, Harmony, and Peace ! Thou dost implant
peace

peace *within*, and secure it from *without*.
Actuated by *thee*, the *moral* World would
move on smoothly and equably, like one
well-ordered machine, whose every wheel
turns true upon its axis, and contributes
its part to the regularity of the whole——
Were mortals under *thy* kindly influence,
Tyranny would cease ; Oppression would
be no more ; Treachery, low Craft,
Selfishness, would take their flight to
Hell : Temperance, Integrity, Benevo-
lence, would dwell for ever amongst us.
The Sons of *confusion* and *rapine* alone
would lament the change. The Altars
of sanguinary laws would be bereaved of
the sacrifices : Our Courts of Justice would
become desolate : Advocates and Coun-
sellors, whose pliant consciences attack
or defend thee, as *Interest* beckons,
would *hold down their heads like a bul-
rush, and mourn the loss of their prey!*
Under *thy* auspicious culture, the human
mind would push forth every ornamental
Grace, and be rendered fit to be trans-
planted

planted to a happier soil; yea, it would be prepared for the enjoyment of *that* BEING, whom thou hast taught it to imitate!

AND as to my lively friend PLEASANTRY, she will rejoice to be addressed as the genuine offspring of Religion and Virtue. Vicious and undiscerning minds, indeed, have frequently mistaken thee, for that Harlot *Clamorous Riot*; and eagerly search after thee in the *loud Laugh*, raised by the profane or obscene jest.—But they find thee not.—Thy abode is with *Innocence* alone.—Thou dwellest in the breast that is attuned to cheerfulness, by being *calm* within, or sweetly agitated with the transporting hopes of future bliss!

Go on, lovely Maid; continue to gladden the days of thy venerable parents. Let thy cheary and enlivening company recommend them to the world: let thy “heart-easing mirth”
efface

efface each furrow from the brow of the Religious;—chafe away each gloomy idea from those to whom “loathed melancholy” belongeth not. Let it convince mankind that to be pious and good, is the only way to be *cheerful* and *happy*!

IT is, MOST EXCELLENT FAIR ONES, because ye are so immediately formed for the society of each other, that I have ventured to unite you in this address. Nor can you, notwithstanding your various degrees of excellency, suffer a separation, without some violence being committed upon your persons. Those, O RELIGION, who would sever thee from *Virtue*, pervert thy lovely nature, and sink thee into vile *Hypocrisy*——Thou, *Virtue*, without *Religion*, art but *cold* and *hopeless* Philosophy——And thou, MIRTH, indulged without the sanction of both, *becomest the mere laughter of fools*!

UNITE,

UNITE, ye sister Graces, unite your force against the vain maxims, and delusive pleasures of the world. May the number of your admirers daily increase!—Let all men love, where Love may be indulged without Jealousy;—for such is the nature of *your* charms, that ye can bestow them liberally upon each votary, and yet their lustre shall not be sullied, nor their value diminished—Nay, the more we are captivated by them, the more shall we love and congratulate each other!

ACCEPT the following pages from the hands of one, who has an ardent desire to represent you in a just light: Whose soul is vexed to see you *reviled*, by those ye would *befriend*; and whose bosom glows with honest indignation, when he beholds rash *Profaneness*, ignoble *Vice*, and despicable *Hypocrisy*, pursued and worshipped instead of you!

IF

IF there be aught in these sheets, circulated to vindicate your honour, permit me to lay them at your feet, as token of the sincere Respect and Veneration with which

I am,

Ye worthiest Fair,

Your most devoted Servant

London,
May 10, 1775.

J.

My friend was sufficiently pleased with the dedication itself; but he seemed to think that the Personages to whom it was addressed, were not sufficiently respectable: and, as a term of treating with him insisted upon my presenting it, with a few trivial alterations, to three *Maids of Honour*, or *Ladies of the Bed-chamber*, whom he would recommend to my notice.

I RECOLLECTED the words of my motto, and bid him adieu.

ANE

ANECDOTES, &c.

Puisse tous les hommes se souvenir qu'ils sont frères ! Qu'ils aient en horreur la Tyrannie exercée sur les ames, comme ils ont en exécration le brigandage qui ravit par la force, le fruit de l'industrie paisible !

Voltaire sur L'intolerance.



A N E C D O T E S

O F

JOHN BUNCL E, junior.

AM I ever to be the dupe of sage advice, forced upon me by the officious? A brother of the quill is now teasing and wherretting me to write a *Preface*. He says, and I suppose he speaks from experience, that a suitable preface is a well timed prologue, which often saves a bad play.—He advises me to assure the public, in the most respectful terms, that these letters were merely intended for private inspection;—that I am deeply sensible how unworthy they are of public notice,

D 5

tice,—and yet that I rely with the utmost confidence on the candour of my readers. —He desires me to alledge, or invent, a variety of plausible motives for making them public ;—to apologize for the freedom of some sentiments, to crave indulgence for others, and a general pardon for involuntary errors. He asserts this to be peculiarly necessary in a *literary* correspondence, where it is not in the power of the most obsequious Writer to say a civil thing to his *gentle* Reader, except in this part of his work. “ Sir, (says he) the most courteous Reader likes to be treated with deference ; and if you expect that he should attend to what you and your friends are chattering about for such a number of letters, the least you can do is to make him a polite and insinuating bow, before you begin the discourse.”

I HINTED to him, that my sentiments were too freely expressed in the Dedication,
on,

JOHN BUNCLE, junior. 51

on, for me to be guilty of such a gross impropriety.

It is an impropriety that will be very well received, I promise you, let it be ever so gross. I cannot have been an author upwards of twenty years, without knowing the public a little. They will bear any thing, Mr. Buncle, rather than to be *sighted*. If you will not *compliment*, you may *satyrize* them; if you will not laugh *with* them, you may laugh *at* them, and they will join the laugh with you; but, at your peril, sir, do not treat them with *neglect*."

AND now, my Readers, good or bad, be assured that it is not my design either to coax, or slight, or satyrize you. For as thou, who now readest these lines, art totally unknown to me, I am equally afraid of coaxing a *fool*, fawning upon a *knave*, satyrizing an *innocent* character, or slighting a *respectable* one.—And yet the

D 2

advice

52 A N E C D O T E S O F

advice of my counsellor is not totally destitute of reason : for, would any parent, who makes the least pretensions to humanity, send the fruits of his loins into the wide world, to be turned round and round—examined from top to toe—have all his imperfections laid open—all his good qualities made light of, like a slave at a man-market ;—and perhaps be snubbed, brow-beaten, and handsomely lashed into the bargain ? Would the cruelest parent upon the face of the earth submit to this ? Or would the most *partial* think his favourite boy able to endure so fiery a trial ? No. He would lead him by the hand himself into life ;——he would do full justice to his good qualities ;——he would conceal or palliate his faults ;——he would persuade the world that they were the result of inexperience or youthful inadvertency ; and that by patient indulgence and good usage, he may in time be made a man of. And why should these Bantlings, the joint offspring of my
head

head and my heart, be thrown warm from the birth upon the cold ground, to be kicked and trampled upon by every jack-anapes that meets with them?

I KNOW but of one way to prevent this foul ignominy; which is, gentle reader, to introduce myself into thine acquaintance, before we travel through these letters together. We all have experienced, that the slightest knowledge of a person is oftentimes the parent of favourable prejudices. Is there a vacancy for a *Borough*, or for any *Office*, my good friend? Thou wilt give thy suffrage, and perchance thine interest, for me, or for the son of him, with whom thou hast accidentally cracked a bottle of wine or two, rather than to one thou hast never proved to be an *honest fellow*. Dost thou want to cheapen linens, silks, or laces, madam, or saunter away thy idle hours in giving some shopman a great deal of trouble for nothing? Thou will certainly confer this

privilege upon him to whom thou had the slightest recommendation, rather than meet the face of a *stranger*. wilt thou, my Lord, so willingly honour a tradesman with standing in books, unless he has been mentioned to thee as one not *undeserving* of thy couragement.

OF this principle I may lawfully assure myself: and therefore will I make myself known unto thee, courteous Reader; far, at least, as may serve this my purpose: being persuaded, that when thou art informed of my Birth, Parentage, Education, thou wilt also be somewhat prejudiced in my favour, and thou wilt graciously receive this little work under thy protection.

BE it known, therefore, unto all whome it may concern, that I am the young Son of JOHN BUNCLE, Gent. of marvellous Memory; who leaped Precipitously
tumb

tumbled through Mountains, found *wife* and *good Men, beautiful and learned Women,*

“ Where you and I all day might travel,
And meet with nought but *sand and gravel.*”

It must be a matter of great indifference to the world, which of his Wives called me her Son, as they were all equally beautiful, and equally accomplished. But to shew how much the community might have lost in me by a too early burial, I think it proper to acquaint them, that my Progenitrix was his *seventh* Consort; with whom he eloped in the person of Miss *Dunk*;—whom he buried the seventh day after her decease;—and whom he afterwards married in the person of Dr. *Stainvil*'s widow.

FROM my Father I inherited a studious and speculative turn of mind: and if self-love has not deceived me, I share some portion of his enthusiastic love of Truth.

The calmness and moderation, for which my good mother was so exemplary, has, on the other hand, happily qualified that warmth and impetuosity of temper, which was amongst the chief foibles of my old gentleman. So that I have always found myself more disposed to pity the errors, or smile at the weaknesses of mankind, than to vex and irritate my soul about them:—and this, gentle reader, I would earnestly recommend to thee, as the most agreeable method of escaping the thorns and briars of a troublesome world, which are so apt to prick and tear every sensible heart. But although my parents had thus physically united in my composition their own *opposite* excellencies, yet they both contributed towards forming me of an *amorous* complexion; for which I am not equally thankful; as it has hitherto been the source of all the afflictions I have suffered in life.

My father took as much care of my
education,

education, as his passion for rambling about in search of adventures would permit. But he thought it an article of the utmost importance, to make me thoroughly acquainted with *Polemical Divinity*; in which he was himself so great an adept. When I was scarcely *twelve* years of age. I was able to handle my weapons with such dexterity, that every Athanasian Combatant was afraid to enter the list with me. My father triumphed in his success; and thanked Heaven that his darling son promised to be as great a champion for the truth as himself. Alas, good man, in this respect he was wretchedly disappointed! I know not how it happened, but as I advanced in years, my zeal for controversy not only abated, but was turned into disgust. This might, in part, be owing to that moderation of temper I received from my mother; and partly, to being wearied of those endless wranglings to which I was perpetually witness in my father's house; and which, after the loss

of much breath and temper on each side, ended only in the vain triumph of one antagonist, and the inward chagrine of the other: and partly to the study of ethics, which taught me that it was a duty to eradicate those seeds of vanity and passion, controversy has such a natural tendency to cherish.

BUT, alas! this indifference to controversy, has involved me in nearly as great difficulties, as my poor father had ever suffered from his zeal. Though my worthy Sire was, (and thou knowest, reader, his case is not singular) such a Bigot for *enlarged sentiments*, and so furious for *moderation*, that he would be often tempted to *damn* a man for want of *charity*; yet he beheld the tranquility of my disposition, sometimes with deep concern, but oftner with so much chagrine and petulancy, as to render my situation under his roof very uncomfortable.

ONE

ONE day, as I entered his study to receive a lecture in moral philosophy, he was reading the following passage out of Locke upon Toleration: "If men are to be impelled to embrace certain opinions by fire and sword, or obliged by coercive measures to observe certain forms of worship, without any attention being paid to morals, &c." * immediately he turned towards me, his eyes flashing with resentment, "Here, boy, (says he) can you read this animated passage of the best and wisest man that ever existed, and yet continue with the tameness of a milk-sop? Do not some drops of your father's blood boil within you, at the unreasonableness of your orthodox divines, who will not let others think for themselves, because they know too well, that every rational and intelligent mind, must despise their unintelligible jargon?" This preface introduced many severe reflections upon my indif-

* Si homines igne & ferro, &c. Epist. de Tol. p. 4.
ference

ference to the great cause of truth; upon my lukewarmness, nay, total want of zeal, for the doctrines of primitive and uncorrupt Christianity.

STIMULATED by these reproaches, I ventured to answer my Sire in the following manner. ‘ Surely, sir, I shall be permitted to use that freedom in expostulating with you, which you did not think indecent in expostulating with your Calvinistic father. Nor can I for a moment suspect, that the severity of your resentment will fall upon me, when you have complained so loudly of the cruelty and injustice of your parents upon a similar occasion. A professed advocate for liberty of conscience will not, cannot, be so inconsistent as to deprive another of that inestimable right. As often as you shall find me inattentive to the grand duties of religion, reprove me, and I will thank you. But I don’t find myself under any obligations to oppose my natural propensity,

fity,

sity, and become the knight-errant of mere speculative opinions. Perhaps I might be able to vindicate my indifference. This I know, that, young as I am, I have seen Christians so busy in settling their *faith*, that they have scarcely any time left for *practice*. I have seen them, instead of receiving with meekness and joy, the message sent from above, warm themselves with metaphysical disputes concerning the divine nature and personal dignity of the Embassador. And altho' this Embassador enjoins brotherly love, as the genuine sign of a true disciple, are they not cutting one another's throat, to shew their attachment to some particular dogma of his peaceable religion? In short, whilst they are taking infinite pains to put their *creed* in order, are they not ruffling their tempers, and losing sight of that spirit of moderation and patience, nay, of that seriousness and piety, which are the only symbols of true Christianity? That very education thou hast given me,

good

author of the following letters has run the gauntlet, are not sufficiently interesting to license him, according to my old gentleman's expression, "To make any one pay for his history," and therefore I shall pass them over in silence*.

*The above will in some respect account for that concise, but *severe* satire, our worthy parent has passed upon his children, in the second volume of his Life, p. 137, where he says, "*As I mention nothing of my children by so many wives, some readers may perhaps wonder at this; and therefore to give a general answer once for all, I think it sufficient to observe, that I had a great many to carry on the succession, but as they were never concerned in any extraordinary affairs, nor ever did any remarkable things that I have heard of, only rise and breakfast, read and saunter, drink and eat, it would not be fair, in my opinion, to make any one pay for their history.*" Gentle reader, as I am already stamped with the character of a fool, by my own dear father, I publish these letters with the more boldness. Fortunately for me, I have now no character to lose, and therefore the only chance left me is, that they may be the means of recovering your good opinion, and of wiping off the reproach our dear father has entailed upon us.

IN

JOHN BUNCLE, junior. 65

IN process of time, however, an opportunity presented itself of putting into practice the noble resolution so manfully expressed to my father. A love affair, which had long been upon my hands, and which was attended with as many disappointments, embarrassments, and cross purposes, as ever filled up the measure of a five shilling romance, had so impaired my constitution, that in spite of philosophy, I have narrowly escaped falling a victim to it. Smooth hope, which for a long time swam, like the purest Italian oil, at the top of all my misfortunes, (if you will allow me, kind reader, to repeat a greasy idea) at length began to sink; and my animal spirits, hitherto supposed to be *full proof*, were evaporating fast away, and leaving a vapid mass behind. This said amour, it is true, afterwards took a more favourable turn, and enabled me to lay in a fresh stock of both the above commodities. But now, alas, the *Vessel* became so shattered, that
it

it was scarcely able to contain them. Or, to drop a metaphor I can hold no longer, the weakly state of my frame rendered it adviseable for me to take a journey into the country; as thou wilt see more particularly towards the conclusion of the first letter, if thy patience, gentle reader, carry thee so far.

THE lovely *Maria* was at this time upon a visit to a young lady in the west of England. This young lady is, as you may naturally imagine, very beautiful, and in every respect *perfectly accomplished*, notwithstanding her infinite inferiority to *Maria*. The old gentleman, her father, whose historical name is *Franklin*, has rendered himself no less conspicuous for his refined taste and admirable character, than he is for the largeness of his fortune, and the antiquity of his family, &c. &c. He is also blest with two sons, who promise to answer their parents most sanguine expectations, &c. &c. The eldest, who
is

is lately become of age—But, as it is always to be understood, that the particular friends of the author possess every possible excellency, a farther delineation of characters is superfluous.

I PROMISED this little coterie of valuable friends, to transmit to them, as leisure and opportunity might permit, a faithful account of my peregrinations, so far, at least, as they should seem instructive or entertaining. These friends were pleased to express such satisfaction in the course of this epistolary correspondence, that behold I have insensibly written *Volumes!*

My intelligent readers will easily conjecture the rest. Maria, and her worthy associates, earnestly solicited me to make them public. They urged the pity it was, that so many fine thoughts and just observations, as they partially termed them, should be confined to individuals. They did not omit to remind me, that
Know-

Knowledge, like the cheery light and genial warmth of the sun, may be participated by numbers, without the least diminution of the influence primarily shed upon a few.

I, as is usual upon these occasions, was as earnest in my refusal:—begged they would not tempt me to expose myself to the world:—insisted upon the great difference there was between relying upon the kindly prejudice of *Friends*, however penetrating their understanding, and refined their state, and yielding myself up to the mercy of relentless *Critics*.

THEY, on the other side, did me the honour to laugh me out of countenance:—accused my timidity as a ridiculous and ill-timed bashfulness:—were pleased to say many more civil things of me, and of my epistles, than I dare to repeat, tho' my fingers itch to write them. In fine, they wrestled with my modesty for about
five

JOHN BUNCLE, junior. 69

five years, which is a longer space than modesty has been known to resist for some time past; but, like Jacob in the vision, they at length prevailed, though they also *wrestled with an angel*.

OR rather, this friendly contest terminated in the following capitulation. It was mutually agreed, that various trivial circumstances should be expunged: as also the *passionate* expressions in my epistles to *Maria*; naturally conjecturing that these would be deemed mere rant and nonsense by every *icy hearted* mortal, though my fair correspondent and myself, thought them the most interesting of any. And, lest others should not discern so much light and heat in them as my indulgent friends, it was finally resolved, that only *one* Volume should be published, by way of specimen; and that the remainder should follow at convenient intervals, provided my Readers will evidence a proper inclination to continue witnesses to
our

our correspondence, by clearing my editor's shelves of the present impression.

ONE inconvenience attends this mode of publication. The introductory pieces will appear too large in proportion to the number of Letters; but as this disproportion will vanish when the whole collection is published, the Reader must perceive how much it is in his own power to obviate it.

L E T-

L E T T E R I.

SENTIMENTAL WRITING.

For 'tis our way, (you know) for fear o'th'worst,
To be before hand still, and cry fool first.

Epil. to the Old Batchelor.



L E T T E R I.

Uxbridge, July 13, 1769.

TO MARIA.

SINCE you have commanded me, young lady, to give you a particular account of this my journey, and to describe the various incidents I may meet with on my intended route, I hope you will permit our correspondence to be entirely in the SENTIMENTAL stile. The *sentimental* is the only mode of writing we are all allowed to adopt in this feeling age, were we only to describe the pleasures of a puppet-show: And surely no man who makes the least pretensions to Gallantry, would venture to present any other offering at the feet of his *Dulcinea*.

E

In

In short, my dear, it is the *ton* of the times, and consequently we may as well be out of the world, as not to become extravagantly fond of it.

“SAY ye who best can tell,” ye *Book-sellers*; what would become of all our *Journey*, our *Lucubrations*, our *Peregrinations*, our *Plays*, our *Novels*, our *Romances*, which are daily showered down in such plenty on our thrice happy land, did they not contain this MANNA, this light aerial heavenly food? Would they not be repudiated by the most voracious appetite that ever devoured a circulating library? Would they not soon be turned into thread-papers, or be found at the bottom of all the pastry in the nation?

ILL-NATURE may suggest that this prevailing passion for sentiment is to be ascribed to a mixture of *indolence* and *vanity*, which *ill-nature* will say, characterizes the present generation; and
that,

that, although the *former* prevents them from thinking, the *latter* will not let them appear void of thought; the consequence of which is, authors are obliged to think for them.—In the same manner as the ingenuity of their pastry-cooks, mantua-makers, and milliners, furnishes a continual succession of elegancies and dainties, and saves their customers of polite taste a world of trouble: For here also they have nothing more to do, than to behold, admire, purchase, and exhibit as their own.

THIS malevolence may urge. But I love to put the best construction upon human actions, and therefore scruple not to assert, that this modern love of sentiment proceeds from an *universal refinement in MORALS*, from that *purity and perfection in virtue*, which makes sentimental productions the natural food, the daily bread of the times: as congenial to our refined natures as the element of

water to the finny tribe, or a pure atmosphere to our organs of respiration. And what confirms me in this opinion is, the prevalence of *sentiment* even in the hours of the most unguarded relaxation. Often may we hear the roaring song at the tavern burst forth sentiment, and a drunken chorus re-echo their approbation. Every toast must be sweetened by this delectable ingredient, or it is no longer relished by our refined palates. *Delicate pleasures to susceptible minds* is the common prelude to a debauch. *Happiness to those who wish it to others*, will often introduce a bloody nose. *Fidelity to friends, and generosity to enemies*, is proposed, or loudly applauded, by the man who endeavours to circumvent the choicest companion of his bottle.

WERE I to be more serious, and hint at one cause, which I am persuaded has its share, your modesty, Maria, might tempt you to think me still more in jest;

or

or I should alledge, that a refined taste, and genuine delicacy of sentiment, appear so attractive in the happy few of you who really possess them, that it is not in the least surprising, others, who do not possess them, should envy and counterfeit these excellent qualities: Though they are not more fortunate in these attempts, than the illiterate vulgar in their ridiculous affectation of choice words and dainty phrases.

BUT, whatever be the cause, I have no objection against conformity to this prevailing taste.—Far from it.—I really prefer gathering up good useful sentiments as I traverse the country, to collecting of pictures, picking up of cockle-shells, catching of butterflies, creeping after insects, culling of simples, measuring of steeples, or any other travelling occupation in which, an ambitious trifler may also seek renown. I could enumerate a variety of superior advantages

78 SENTIMENTAL

it possesses, but shall only mention one or two, which more immediately concern myself.

IN the first place it is the *cheapest*. The largest collection of thoughts which a man can decently lay in, need not cost him more than his travelling expences. So that he must run many miles indeed, before he runs out any thing of a fortune. —Which, by the way, is not always the case with the other gentry, who are often in the utmost danger of hanging half their estates upon the *proboscis* of a *Beetle*, the *antennæ* of a *Butterfly*, or the *convolution* of a *Shell*; and of giving more for a *painted* landscape, than the proprietor gave for the original territory. He is also at liberty to travel *when*, *where*, and *how* he pleases,—to go *East*, *West*, *North* or *South*, by *land* or *water*——It makes no difference—If he has but *fire* within him, he will be sure to find incidents enough to strike out sparks in
abun-

abundance.—Nay, the smallest incidents will often contain the most *flint*—The inspection of a town hall, parish-church, market-place, or county prison, which your common class of travellers are for ever running their heads into, in order to draw something out of them, shall not give rise to such shrewd remarks in a *sentimental* rambler, as a beggar, ballad-singer, or a mountebank. *He* can change the deserts of Arabia into a fruitful vale; and barren sands become, by *his* magic power, more prolific in gems than the coasts of Golconda, can boast.—In a word, it matters not, one rush, what scenes our Sentimentalist meets with on the road, but what he has to *say* about them.

Therefore, to begin.—

—But the roads adjacent to yon great city are crowded with such a concourse of people, shouting, crying, swearing, begging, jostling; and obstructed

by so many vehicles of all sorts and sizes, that if a man had the finest set of ideas in the world, it is a thousand to one against his getting clear of the town with them. So that the only thing which ought to engage the attention, of even a *sentimental* traveller, for the first mile or two, is, in my opinion, his own safety;—for this comprehends, you know, the safety of all his future remarks and observations. I would advise him, therefore, to pass through the interstices of the carriages as cautiously, and make his escape as expeditiously as possible.

WHEN he is somewhat enlarged, objects will pass before him in a more regular succession; and he may animadvert upon them according to the humour which governs for the hour. And whether he be in a merry, serious, benevolent, or splenetic mood, it is odds but he will find plenty of fuel to keep the flame alive.

It

It was my lot——But I again correct myself. A due attention to order requires me to furnish you with some particulars relative to my intended ramble, before I set about these same remarks and observations.

You may remember, my dear friend, I acquainted you, at our last interview, that my Æsculapius had persuaded me to take a journey on horseback, before the season was farther advanced: And that I had accordingly been seeking after some *Companion de Voyage* to one of those places of public resort, where medicinal regimen takes the form of pleasure.

A SCHEME, somewhat conformable to this design has, at length, fortunately presented itself. Miss H—— of A——, a young lady whom you have often heard me mention with great friendship and respect, has received from her father, a summons to return into the country:

E 5

which

which the poor girl is obliged immediately to obey; and change the glittering scenes of the gay town, for what she deems a dull and insipid recess. Mrs. P——, and Miss E——, have, however, administered some cordial to her spirits, by promising to accompany her, and spend the remainder of the summer at her father's house. These ladies have been wishing some time to meet with a travelling *Cicely*; and I thought myself very fortunate in being able to offer them my services. The conditions entirely correspond with the intentions of my journey. First, we are to spend a week or ten days at Buckingham, with a relation of Mrs. P——'s: I should rather say *they*, for my friend Charles and myself, have determined to take up our headquarters at *Stow*. From thence we are to go to Matlock, Buxton, Chatsworth, and Manchester. At each place we are to stay as long as shall prove convenient; and in our journey to them, we are to
make

make as short stages, and as long pauses as we shall find mutually agreeable; and when I am weary of my horse, a corner in their post-coach is at my command.

Thus much for our general plan. The under plot is as follows. Several of our friends have agreed to spend a parting day at Stow, near Buckingham, the seat of the Earl Temple; where we are to assemble on Saturday evening. The Westmoreland ladies, with one detachment of our auxiliary forces, are to set out early to-morrow morning, designing to take *Windsor* and *Oxford* in their route. Another detachment is to fall forth from town early on Saturday morning. I judged it most prudent to march as far as *Uxbridge* this afternoon, that I may spend a day with a friend, and also gradually inure myself to the fatigues of travelling, according to the Latin adage, *basten slowly*; or, if you prefer the Italian, *chi va piano*.

piano va sano ; or in plain English, which I think quite as good, *slow and sure*. My friend Charles ***** is prevented from accompanying me to this place, according to his proposal ; however, he will be with me to-morrow evening, and on Saturday we prosecute our journey together to Stow, the place of general *Rendezvous*.

I PROMISE myself great pleasure from this expedition.—The party will consist of intimate friends. *Derbyshire* is a country I have often desired to visit, upon account of its natural curiosities ; and whether it answer my expectations, I intend to ramble for two or three weeks, as my good father did amongst the wilds and precipices of *Westmoreland*.—I feel my spirits which have been so long depressed by ill fortune and ill health, disposed to give themselves a holiday. I believe, my dear friend, they would entirely recover their elasticity, and be tuned to vibrate in unison with every pleasing object around me

we

were *you* but with me. To compensate for this disappointment as much as possible, I will religiously observe my promise, and convey to you as opportunity shall serve, such a transcript of my journal as may appear interesting or amusing.

Now then, my friend, you see me mounted in good earnest : But before I set forward, I beg leave to whisper a word in your ear. It is only to inform you, that however I may manage my Steed, I intend to give the reins to my imagination. It is to be hoped, for the sake of us both, that she will never want a spur, though I believe she will not often be so frisky as to demand a curb. It is possible that I may travel a great way without uttering a syllable, but should the present talkative humour continue, I rather suspect the contrary. When you are tired of my correspondence, let me know it, for until you give me a friendly hint, I shall think myself licensed to write on, though nonsense flow out with the ink. Adieu.

L E T-



LETTER II.
CHARACTERS
ON THE
ROAD.

Veluti in Speculum.

TER.

1 2 3 4

1 2 3 4

L E T T E R I I.

Unbridge, July 14, 1769.

T O M A R I A.

My dear Friend,

THIS sentimental Hobby horse
is away with me so fast yesterday, that
I had like to have forgotten the principal
sign of my Letter; which was to sketch
the plan of our future journey. To
run into the very marrow of the subject at
the first onset, would be deemed, I sup-
pose, contrary to every rule of regular his-
tory; yet I thought it preferable
to lose sight of *these*, than that so many
of our thoughts should be stifled in their
birth, merely because they came a little
before their time.

But

BUT I am not much concerned about the above rules, provided I can observe those of sound policy. And may I not hope, *Maria*, that these few sentimental strokes at the beginning, are consonant with the truest policy? Have they not already operated like ready cash to a young tradesman; and by enabling me to answer the *first* demands, established at once my credit for wisdom? And this point gained, I can afford, you know, to be as great an œconomist of it as I please. Every thing I shall advance in future, will doubtless have great weight, whether I deign to give my reasons for it or not; as the *Capacity* of doing good actions, renders a rich man equally revered and caressed, as if he exerted it. In fine, if I have but established my reputation with you as a *Philosopher*, I shall possess a full right and title to talk non sense to the end of the chapter.

IN order to put this glorious privileg
int

into full force, I was going to tell you yesterday, that it was my lot to be in a *metamorphorhical* humour, on my journey to this place; if you will allow me to coin the fifth part of a word. Some Demon, whether of Wisdom or Folly, I shall leave you to determine, tempted me to turn *Magician*.—It must be either one or the other by the way, for I absolutely disclaim all dealings with the Devil, as *Prince of the Power of the Air*; and should I treat with him as the *God of this World*, I am not more devoted to his service, I suppose, than many of my neighbours; and therefore expect no distinguished favours from his hands. Be this as it will—

I AMUSED myself with taking off the shell, or external covering from several of the passengers I met on the road, and with peeping at the soul, as she was busied in raising the Bulwarks of *Character* and *Appearances*; in order to entrench herself with

with snugger security, amongst her favourite vices and follies which lay behind them.

How little, said I, are we to credit the report which an outward shew makes either of human happiness, or of the characters of men! It is very possible that yon coachman is more at his ease, under the garb of servitude, than the mistress whom he drives, in her dominion. I'll try. Carelessly waving my whip,—which I find for conveniency, secrecy, and efficacy too, equal to the best Conjuror's Cap, Necromancer's Ring, or Enchanter's Rod of them all;—the lash of it encircled a spoke of the Chariot-wheel, as it passed me.

THE Lady had, upon a superficial view, a very venerable appearance. And I was tempted to imagine, that she might be some happy devotee; who, having made a voluntary resignation of her place in the
 gay

gay circle of youth to her grand-daughters, had bid adieu to the vanities of life ; and by a regular attendance upon morning and evening prayers, making cordials, elixirs, and plaisters for the sick and wounded, with other acts of charity, was laying up as large a stock of good works for the other world, as her remnant of time would allow.

BUT I am sorry to say that my Horse-whip, in this instance, proved an enemy to charity. It discovered to me, that tho' she affected a placid dignity of countenance, yet, this was no other than a *mask* to the deformed features of her character ; which were composed of coquetish vanity, supercilious pride, and waspish chagrine. Her dress was fantastically gay ; and her delicate bosom, which she graciously exhibited to every passenger, *sans ceremonie*, struck me, 'who am a professed lover of antiquity, with the veneration with which I should contemplate a *drum* that

that had served many a campaign in the *Marlborough* wars. A prayer-book, with a treatise concerning the preservation of beauty, lay on the side of the seat, and a bottle of Circassian water on the other; a knotting-shuttle was in her hand, and a pocket looking-glass lay upon her lap. This she frequently took up and laid down with a strange mixture of complacency and petulance. The case was, Vanity pointed out some remains of a fine face, but Truth discovered scenes she did not wish to know. She saw, and she saw with the deepest compunction, that the hoary hand of Time had long been busied in scattering a winter's frost over her once auburn hair. She felt, and she felt with anguish, his rough chisel tracing furrows in her brow. She had often attempted, indeed, to interrupt the old gentleman in his work; and she vainly imagined that by the assistance of pastes, powders, combs, lotions, and perfumes, she had counteracted his rude at-

attempts, or blunted the edge of his tools: while in fact she was only allowing him an opportunity to sharpen them the more. Often did she endeavour, by languishing accents and practised smiles, to entice back the departing Cupids to lie in ambush in her locks; or shoot their arrows from behind her wrinkles. Furies were eager to occupy the post, those young urchins found no longer tenable.

PERHAPS I had taken her at a disadvantage; a late unfortunate accident might have contributed its share towards the discomposure which I saw predominant in her countenance. The morning's employment has been to deposit her plate, until the return of the next quarterage, with a pawn-broker of eminence, (frequently employed by the nobility) in order to defray the expences of a brilliant rout; in which she was honoured with the company of persons of the first distinction. But as no one can be compleatly
happy

happy in the present chequered state, this worthy personage hath also her misfortunes: For notwithstanding every effort to display her taste and magnificence, she was totally eclipsed the succeeding evening, by a lady whom she is known to despise, and whom she has often made the object of her ridicule, upon account of the inferiority of her rank and fortune.

THE thoughts of the Charioteer were entirely occupied about having his horses properly trimmed against the next assembly-night; and if his mistress will please to pay him his wages, which have been due these two months, he intends to buy himself a pair of second-hand silver buckles upon the occasion. And he pleases himself with the thoughts, that these, in conjunction with a pair of new white-stockings, will enable him to cut as brilliant a figure among the Gentlemen of the Stable, as his mistress in rivalling all the *Belles* in the Ball-Room.

THE

THE driver of a West-Country waggon next engaged my attention. This man, quoth I, is condemned to quit his midnight slumbers, and slowly to pace the dark and solitary road, even in the most inclement seasons; and that perhaps, merely to gain a sorry pittance for a wife and numerous family; while his happy master is doubtless enjoying and enriching himself at home, by means of the hardships and fidelity of this his servant. —As I approached towards him, I heard him cheerfully carolling to his team. Upon slightly touching the hem of his frock with my Rod of Intelligence, I found, that a winter's great-coat, with an oil-skinned hat, and a morning dram, were sufficient barriers against rain and pinching frosts;—that early rising, was by habit rendered a pleasure;—that his gains, tho' small, were sure; and that his only solicitude was to drive the horses with safety on the road, and take care of them at the inns.

F

BUT

BUT the proprietor is by no means ~~an~~ object of envy. Though the warm downy bed yields to his limbs, and he cannot hear the winds whistle around him, sheltered from their rough blasts, yet anxious cares banish sleep from his eyes. Twice has he, partly by misfortunes, and partly by imprudences, become a bankrupt; and he is now upon the brink of inevitable destruction.

I then touched with my mystic Instrument the carriage of a *man of Quality*. He sat musing and pensive in one corner of the coach.—Doubtless here is some scheme on the carpet for the public good, thought I.—He is devising some project to pay off the *national* debt.—

No; it is simply to lessen *his own*, and stop the clamours of his numerous creditors. He has lately sold two country seats, and mortgaged a third, merely to get rid of importunate visitors. This would have
given

given him a little respite, had it not been for an unlucky opposition he met with in a borough; where the vain ambition of bringing in his man, has not only exposed him to the mortification of losing his cause, but has thrown him again very considerably in arrears. He is now contriving a new Visto through some woods, to answer his immediate wants. The difficulty is to conceal the motive. For he has made so many openings and interfections, to defray his exigencies after a run of ill-luck at the gaming-table, or at New-market, that the sound of the axe is already become the jest of the neighbourhood.

As to his Postillion, Hilarity maintained her seat upon his countenance, nor did she so much as flinch, at the briskest flourishes of my soul-searching instrument.

THE next personage who passed me as I was sauntering along the road, was a

venerable Pontiff, well mounted upon a proud steed, with a footman behind him. — He holds a vicarage of 500*l. per ann.* presented to him some years ago by a young Nobleman, to whom he had been travelling Tutor. As the tutor was a man of discretion, he knew when to accompany his charge, and when to stay at the inn, and leave his pupil to pursue his own enquiries: And the pupil being a man of gratitude, has rewarded his fidelity with the above living. The other day a second benefice, of about 300*l. per ann.* in value, became vacant: and thinking it might enable him to do more good in his day and generation, our pious Divine rode up to town with the utmost expedition, to solicit the gift of it from his quondam Patron.

BUT, unfortunately, the living was engaged long before the death of the incumbent, to a noble Lord; from whom the Patron expects considerable preferment

ment in the State: and this noble Lord has already given it to the brother of his mistress, who has lately entered into holy orders.

OUR Clergyman is moralizing upon the various disappointments the Children of God meet with in their Journey thro' this wilderness. But to alleviate his affliction as much as may be, which is allowed to every man, provided only he makes use of *lawful* measures, he has formed a worthy resolution of raising the tythes amongst his dear parishioners, as soon as he shall return to the cure of Souls.

‘ TAKE care, young Gentlemen, don’t ride over me.’

‘ GET out of the way then, and be d——d, Mr. Soberfides.’

‘ VERY well, Sirs, says I. This is my revenge,’ and I smack’d my whip.

ONE of these gay sparks, I found to be the son of honest country parents. The extravagance of this hopeful youth, had soon exhausted the little store, their industry had been long in collecting. He has lost, by his folly and inattention to business, several favourable opportunities of advancing himself in the world: and his only immediate prospect is a voyage to the East Indies, in the capacity of a common sailor; to avoid some very disagreeable enquiries.

THE other is a Clerk in a counting-house. He has this morning robbed his master's desk, to join a jovial party at a little distance from town.

HUMANITY cast a veil over his future lot!

BUT what chariot is that with the green shades drawn up in so fine an Evening? The charioteer drives so remarkably flow
too,

too, and seems to have something of a leer upon his countenance?

My Magic Whip soon rendered the blinds as transparent as glass. I beheld an elderly gentleman, aged *seventy-five*, of a very grave aspect, amusing himself with a Miss of *Sixteen*. He is not like Your young thoughtless Bucks, that are fond of *ostentation*, and that *triumph* in their vices. No; when he strays from the line of *Right*, he takes care still to walk upon that of *Prudence*. He has a virtuous wife whom he would not willingly offend, especially as part of her fortune is at her own disposal: and he has children, from whom the cautious good man hides every *appearance* of evil. He therefore takes the following method of gratifying his youthful propensities.

THIS young Lady is boarded at a convenient house on the road, where she passes for his niece. And besides frequent

visits, by way of enquiring after her health ; he often gives her an airing in his carriage as he returns from town ; where his business, real or feigned, generally calls him twice or three times in a week. It is impossible for the coachman not to suspect ; But his master knows how to keep him discreet : And he finds it more advantageous to appear totally blind to what he cannot prove, than to hazard his master's displeasure by imprudent insinuations.

THE Girl, young as she is, plays her part to admiration. She has the art to make a profitable capitulation at every interview. A new present, by way of subduing the remains of her modesty, or of pacifying her scruples, is always the term of fresh familiarities. He has been giving her a pair of diamond ear-rings : and she knows how to set down the extacy they inspire to the proper score. She holds them in the hand which amorously encircles his neck ; and gives them every
moment

moment such transporting glances and
 ogles, as were enough to make any man
 in his senses, jealous of his own gift : But
 our Lecher is infatuated enough to attri-
 bute her transports, to the charms of his
 delicate person, and the fire of his consti-
 tution.

ONE incident made me smile. In the
 ardor of his caresses, the upper set of the
 old gentleman's teeth fell into her lap*.
 This rendered him somewhat confused,
 but the girl with great prudence pitied his
 misfortune, and assisted him in re-adjust-
 ing them.

You will be surpris'd that a creature so
 young, should be mistress of so much ad-
 dress: but a small sketch of her history
 will explain the mystery.

* An accident similar to this happened to a Lady
 recorded in *Le Diable Boiteux*.

SHE is the only child of a Couple in middling circumstances; who keep a small chandler's shop, in one of the outskirts of the town. And as they are able to leave their daughter 200*l.* they were determined she should have a *genteel* education. To these parents she is under obligations for her present advancement. They had the folly to place her out at one of the numerous boarding-schools for young ladies, where the same education is given to females in opposite spheres of life; and where every necessary accomplishment for a *kept mistress*, or a *girl of the town*, is carefully taught.

OUR Damsel, having good natural talents, made great proficiency in her learning. The first week she thought herself a young lady, because the *Gouvernante* and all the misses gave her that appellation: In the space of a month she despised her parents as low-bred and vulgar animals, only fit to serve in a pet-
ty

ty shop. In two months she laughed at all domestic employments; scorned to take a needle in her hand for the servile offices of making a shirt, or hemming a handkerchief, or for any thing less than to work tambour, or the tent stitch. She next read romances—repeated love-verses—learned foreign languages; that is, lisped the Lord's Prayer and the Creed in broken French—played half a dozen imperfect minuets on the spinnet—talked of young gentlemen—stored every corner of her brain full of love, intrigues, elopements, &c. Thus was she, at the age of *fifteen*, rendered ripe enough to jump into the arms of the first gallant, who should extend them for her reception.

A *French* Journeyman *Friseur*, who attended the school, and whose green long-waisted coat, clubb'd hair, worked ruffles, fringed cravat, softened and rendered *unis* by a general suffusion of powder, entitled him to the character of
all-

all-accomplished, soon found access to her tender heart. And as it was not in his power to make her higher presents than a tortoise-shell comb, and a pot of artificial bear's-grease, stolen from his master, the amour was rather at a stand. At this juncture, our old gentleman, being struck with the amorous cast of her countenance rather than with any particular beauty of person, thought her well qualified to raise his languid fires: and he made her such offers as no girl of prudence could refuse: Especially as this fortunate event enables her to indulge her favourite passion also. For now it is in her power to carry on the intrigue with her first gallant, at her ease; and repay herself, in the arms of the youthful barber, for the irksome caresses she is obliged to bestow upon her antiquated swain.

BEHOLD yonder goes a brisk Spark, bowling along in his gay Phaeton, with all the pride of luxury and pleasure. His horses fly like the foaming steeds of *Apollo*.

I smack'd

I smack'd my whip; and I found that altho' he has escaped with his life and limbs, yet he has overturned his fortune, and is driving headlong to infamy and want.

SEEING a lame old man levelling the ruts with a spade, I rode up to him: but as he was without disguise, my whip was useless. An unreserved conversation was sufficient to furnish me with a short, but melancholy epitome of his life. The principal incidents of which were as follow: He was seized by a press-gang, in the beginning of the last war, and hurried on board a tender. Upon pleading earnestly the miseries in which a large family would be involved by his absence, the Lieutenant had the humanity to propose, that if he would join the gang for a certain time, his release should afterwards be insured to him. "No, said he, I would rather *endure* an injury than *commit* one." After being exposed to vari-

ous

ous dangers, he lost a leg in that celebrated expedition against the Havannah.—His share of prize money amounted to 50*l.*—The hopes of returning to his wife and family with this treasure, consoled him for the loss.—He returned.—His wife was dead.—His eldest son had been happily rescued from the infamy to which a pickpocket is exposed, and sent to sea, by the directors of the institution in favour of deserted children; where he was however accidentally drowned.—An elder daughter had been at service, but was afterwards seduced, and died upon the town.—Three younger children had perished in a work-house.—His exigencies being great and public payment slow, he was necessitated to sell for *five* pounds his title to *fifty*.—With this he commenced shoe-black. But trade ill succeeding, he bought a wooden limb, a pickaxe and a shovel; and now obtains occasional employ from the superintendant of the road.

THUS

THUS was this veteran in distress the only survivor of a numerous family ; nor had he a distant relation to acknowledge him. He appeared as an *isolated* inhabitant of this Great Globe, or like the mast of a wrecked vessel, raising its head above a tempestuous ocean.

HERE, thought I, is misery complete. But I soon learned how much appearances had deceived me. A consciousness of having discharged his duty through every stage of action, and a release from greater sufferings, has made the eve of his boisterous life tolerably calm and serene. It is true he now depends, like the fowls of heaven, upon Providence and the returning day for his subsistence. Providence and the returning day have not yet left him destitute. Bread sufficient to satisfy the rage of hunger, and the refreshing brook to slake his thirst, have been always in his power. Nor is it unfrequent that he dines luxuriously upon the offals
of

of an ordinary, or the passing tribute levied upon the Humane; which sometimes enables him to raise even an exhilarating draught. He sleeps at night in barns and stables—yes, he *sleeps*, insured by his poverty from losses by fire, nor were his slumbers ever disturbed by the apprehension of midnight robbers. His present desires were absorbed in longing for the refreshing pint; for the day had been sultry, and he was fatigued and thirsty. These wants I soon supplied; and a donation too trifling to be mentioned, rendered him happier than numbers would be by the acquisition of *thousands*. He threw the spade over his shoulder, and limped away rejoicing, leaving the morrow to take care for itself.

But here comes Charles. Adieu.

J. B.

LET-

LETTER III.

C O N T R A S T S.

— Young day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny prospect wide.

- - - - -

— Music awakes
The native voice of undissembled joy :
And thick around the woodlands hymns arise.
Roused by the cock, the soon clad shepherd leaves
His mossy cottage—where with *Peace* he dwells ;
And from the crowded fold in order drives
His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.
THOMSON'S SUMMER.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including the names of the authors and the titles of the works. This list is organized in a table format with three columns: the name of the author, the title of the work, and the year of publication. The names are listed in alphabetical order, and the titles are listed in the order in which they were published. The years of publication are listed in the third column.

L E T T E R III.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

T O M A R I A .

AT that sweet hour of Prime, when the Cock's shrill clarion admonishes the drowsy dairy-maid to awaken from her slumbers; and by the repetition of his harsh detested notes, disturbs the delectable dreams of Strephon's love and constancy, which had long possessed her amorous fancy, and which she now yields up with a foreboding reluctance:——

—— **W**HEN the Neatherd, starting from his humble mattas, strewed on the floor, in the dark corner of a cobweb-nantled-room, peeps through the apertures, which accidents, or unlucky boys have made in his mildewed windows, and be-

beholding the sun has already tipt the lofty spire with gold, arises obedient to the wonted summons, and conducts the kine to their pasturage :—

— WHEN the calm Village re-echoes the sounding horn, and the melanchol responses of the lowing herd :—

— WHEN the vigilant Shepherd winds over the woodlands to unfold his flock, that they may feed in luxurious liberty :—

— WHEN the Lark labours his flight upwards, acquiring stability, and improving his melodious notes, as every Christian ought, the nearer he advances towards Heaven :—

— WHEN the myriads of yonder thronged Metropolis, worn down by busy cares, or exhausted by criminal indulgencies, sink in the arms of sleep, and, for a little space, lie peaceable and in-

innocent, like the Chrysalis in its cone.
 —Save the prudent Citizen, whom the
 eastern sky detects reeling from the ta-
 ern, or sneaking from the stews, that
 he may maintain a conscience void of
 offence *towards* MAN, and keep his cha-
 racter in due repair against the next elec-
 tion to some city honors;—Save the vo-
 luntering Watchman, who artfully an-
 ticipates the hour, that he may totter
 the sooner to his sordid shed;—Save the
 idle Sons of rapine, just retired to their
 secret haunts, and litigiouslly dividing
 their dangerous spoils;—Save the forlorn
 daughters of infamy and want, who
 wandering from virtue and from peace,
 had laid down their wearied limbs in so-
 litary allies, and attempted to rest their
 guilty heads, upon the hard, unfriend-
 ly stone;—Save the assembled Children
 of industrious poverty, waiting with anxi-
 ous impatience to be draughted off by
 supercilious task-masters, to the arduous,
 or hazardous employments of the day;
 whether

whether to build or embellish the mansions of luxury, themselves with scarce a home; or to groan under burdens of provisions, and furnish their superiors with plenty, themselves nearly destitute of the necessaries of life;—Save the thrifty Husband, who forsakes her couch to prepare the emblematic draught of bitterness for this family of toil;—Save the footy Infant, who, born to immediate woe, and stranger to those soft indulgencies which tender years obtain from all, is driven from his squalid bed, and creeps along the streets with naked limbs and feeble steps, crying his horrid trade with weak and plaintive voice.—

At this early infancy of day, did my animal spirits, invigorated by soft repose, knock at the door of my senses, and again open their passage to life and action.

BUT, my dear Maria, I find this Pegasus such a hard trotting animal, to those who

are not much used to ride him, that
 must absolutely take breath, and be
 contented to inform you, in plain Eng-
 lish, that between the hours of four and
 five in the morning, my companion and
 I awoke and prosecuted our Journey.

By the way, what a glorious privilege
 to be a poet! How it enables a man,
 a dexterous cook, who transforms a
 raw head into excellent turtle-soup, to
 make the best of every thing; and fur-
 nish from his own resources, rich mate-
 rial to compensate for the insipidity of
 his talents. Some philosophers have asserted
 that the solid contents of the whole
 world may be reduced to the compass of
 a middling sized walnut. But I do ima-
 gine that these dimensions would be ra-
 ther too circumscribed for common uses;
 notwithstanding its present spongi-
 ness, there is a great advantage in the en-
 largement of its surface, so as to afford
 ample space for towns, cities, pasturage,
 and arable

arable lands, rivers, mountains, countries, oceans, &c. In like manner, I humbly conceive, that, altho' the works of the most voluminous poet, would be reduced to a mere speck, stripped of every adventitious ornament, and concentrated to plain matters of fact, yet that the variety of tropes and figures, pithy antitheses, animated descriptions, elegant circumlocutions, entertaining digressions, and sentimental reflections, more than compensate for this increase of bulk.

I SHALL for the future therefore, with your leave, Maria, take the liberty of turning Poet, whenever the want of materials may render it convenient. But, I hereby solemnly engage, never to insult your eyes with trivial occurrences, in the shape of a *rhyming Journal*. Heavens preserve me from these crimes of a *minor* poet! 'this artificial combination of powerless words bordered with rhimes,'

as an elegant writer expresses it. By adhering to the said resolution, it is true, many valuable privileges must be given up. I shall be prohibited from enriching my narratives with the particulars of a sumptuous dinner, or the luxurious repasts of an evening, should it ever be my good fortune to meet with them. For these are *rhyming* licences alone. A Rhymaster, it is well known, may celebrate a whole larder if he pleases, while we writers of humble prose may not venture to do justice to a single veal cutlet, or the cook that dressed it. This class of poets may intrude a large bill of fare upon their friends with impunity, perhaps with applause, if their Muse has but the least skill in serving up a dish; and while they are so dexterous as to make the several articles of an entertainment agree at the end of the lines, they are allowed to remain totally unconcerned about the disorderly manner in which they may have ranged them upon the table.

G

ble. And vainly do these gentry con-
 that the rehearsal of what they ea-
 drank, is a high treat to their reas-
 provided they have acquired the kn-
 of jingling together the knives, fo-
 plates, glasses, and bottles.

I BEAR no man malice, Maria, nor
 I envy these gentlemen such privile-
 But I must beg of them not to comp-
 of the superior difficulties of their
 and bemoan their restraints, as some
 them do, as if all the hardships of co-
 position lay on their side: were this
 case, I believe half of them could
 be so merry.—Let them lament as much
 as they please, their being shackled
 syllables and rhymes, to the curtail-
 and maiming of many a fine sentiment
 —in my humble opinion, six or seven
 feet are no despicable help to a last
 thought; and sure I am, that in many
 cases, they would not have had a thought
 at all, if a lucky rhyme had not v-

mercifully brought one with it. Often have I observed words jump with marvellous address into the closest connection with the preceding line, when a dull profaist would have thought them at least a dozen leagues distant. And I have felt myself as surprised and diverted at their sudden appearance, as a Clown at the theatre, when he beholds Harlequin leaping upon the stage from the pit, out of a cloud, an egg-shell, a tomb, a cloak-bag, or a fruit basket. And indeed the chief sentiment they both bring with them is, *how the deuce came you here?*

BUT to return to my narrative:

WHETHER my silent companion was disturbed earlier than usual, so that his animal spirits had not acquired force sufficient to keep the doors more than half open; whether the fatigues of yesterday were not slept away; whether it was his custom to devote the first minutes to meditation; or whether the want of a break-

fast had prevented him from collecting his thoughts, hath not yet appeared. The utmost I know of this intricate subject is, that except thanking Heaven for a fine morning, and expressing a slight approbation of the country feats, pleasing lawns, and refreshing rivulets, as we passed them, scarcely was there a connected sentence exchanged between us, until we arrived at MESSENDEN, the place where we had appointed to breakfast.

A JOLLY, hospitable-faced-landlord, sitting upon a bench by the gateway of the inn, was the first object that effectually roused my companion from his reverie.

“THIS is the best sign of good living we shall probably meet with in our way, quoth Charles, and may I starve if I pass it by.”

THE landlord, perceiving us to direct our course towards his caravanfary, ad-

vanced with a manly freedom, and performed all the duties of his office with a politeness, which indicated him to possess the genuine spirit of hospitality.

My friend, actuated by something of an instinctive impulse, arising I suppose from a resemblance of character, sprung from his horse, and gave our host as cordial a shake by the hand, as if he had been the intimate of his childhood; alledging with a jocular but inoffensive tone, that his soul sat with as much ease and dignity on his countenance, as his portly corporation had lately done upon the bench.

CHARLES was so struck with the manner of his address, that he could not forbear giving it a paraphrase, as we walked up the yard together. "How different are the ideas conveyed by the modest welcome of our honest host," says he, "compared with the vociferations of a bustling

landlady, who would have alarm'd the whole neighbourhood in five minutes, because two gentlemen think fit to take a breakfast with her; and who, by the loudness of her voice, and the violence of her gestures, would have given much stronger indications of self-confidence, than of solicitude to oblige her guests. Nor is it the soft insinuating tone of an imposing scoundrel, whose fawning accent, and servile air would have suggested, "Gentlemen, you are as welcome to my house as the heedless fly to the web of the insidious spider. I give you leave to treat me with what indignity you please; I shall only seek reprisals in the items of your bill." Whereas this open face declares, "I am glad to serve every one of my species, who wears a decent form, and am as ready to administer to your wants, as an hospitable eastern to refresh the spirits, and rejoice the hearts of the weary pilgrim. And tho' I am under a necessity to receive a gratuity,

tuity—for it is by taxes levied upon you, that I am enabled to accommodate others; yet I promise you my accommodations shall demonstrate, *which* of us will receive the greater benefit of the two.”

You perceive by this specimen, that my companion makes some pretensions to skill in physiognomy. Indeed he considers it as an invariable axiom, that WORDS are entitled to no other credit, than what their *accompaniments* can procure them. Verbal expressions, he remarks, do little more than propose the SUBJECT; it is the countenance, the tone of voice, the accent, the gesture, which interpret their genuine signification. *Policy* may dictate the one, but it is *nature* which dictates the other. And alas, adds my moralist, what is the study of humanity more, than learning how to detect mankind in the act of giving themselves the lie!

OUR host really proved an exception from this too general rule, according to my friend's expectations. Finding we were disposed to take a walk, while our breakfast was preparing, he undertook to be our guide, and shewed us the little singularities of the place, which are always the pride of the inhabitants, and frequently a transient amusement to the idle passenger. He then conducted us to his farm, and pointed out to us the alterations and improvements he had lately made upon the premises. Afterwards he led us into his garden, and entertained us with exhibiting divers assortments of curious plants, fruits and flowers; and he seemed to think himself amply repaid for his attendance, by those genuine expressions of approbation, which the neatness, variety, and taste, exhibited in this delightful spot, extorted from us.

THE upper part of this garden was terminated by a large and commodious alcove,

cove, elegantly furnished, commanding an extensive and variegated prospect over the adjacent meadows. The landlord, perceiving that we were charmed with the situation, courteously proposed that the waiter should serve up our breakfast there; which proposition we cheerfully accepted.

OH for the pen of my worthy Sire, to describe this enchanting scene, to do justice to the bread and butter and delicious cream, to raise up some fair philosopher to pour out the tea, and captivate our hearts! But this our fate forbade. And altho' gallantry requires me to acknowledge, Maria, that nothing can atone for *such* a loss, yet truth will oblige me to observe that elegance, tranquility, and a plenty of the genuine luxuries of nature, had taken their seats within this rural tenement; while the gay parterre, contrasted by the wilder beauties of fields, hills, and woods, gave a delectable relish to our repast.

THESE scenes were much too pleasing to be lost upon my lively companion. They “ unfroze the genial current of his soul,” and set at liberty his sportive satire.

“ Who can forbear,” quoth he, as we were sitting together at the tea-table, “ making invidious comparisons—as a lover of *filth* would term them—between this house of elegant hospitality, and most of the inns in town?—where every surrounding object reminds you of a *prison*!—where darkness and dirt are sworn friends, and inseparable companions!—where, upon your arrival, you are hurried from the vehicle through scents, and sights obscene, into a nook *ycleped*, a *parlour*, but to judge from appearances, you would take it to be the mongrel breed of a *garret*, in some fortuitous conjunction with a *watch-house*. The light, or rather *darkness visible* of this commodious apartment, is either borrowed from the *bar*,—which indeed is but equitable, since
the

the bar was borrowed from the room;— or it is caught, like rain water, from the roof of the building, filtered through a layer of smoke, plenteously spread upon the lattice. Happy are those who can enjoy the day thrown off from a whitened-wall; and peculiarly favoured indeed, is the apartment that catches a glimpse of the rising or setting sun, reflected from the casement of an opposite garret window.

“ IN some such gloomy cell, you sit down to your turbid tea and rancid toast, if you can find them; and if you can persuade yourself that *china* cups, and a *silver* milk-pot are equivalent to good cheer, you may chance to make a hearty meal.”

CHARLES was now entered into the very spirit of his subject; and as soon as we had taken our leave of the host, and were advanced to a convenient distance from *Messenden*, he began to exult in his
tem-

temporary enlargement from the great city, in a stile, and with such an emphasis, that a stranger to his character would perhaps have called in question the soundness of his intellects. "With what pleasure, my friend Buncle, do I turn my back upon yon melancholy prison!—upon those regions of fuliginous vapour!—that asylum of sharpers!—that hot-bed of Satan! from whence he transfers a plenteous nursery of venomous plants, into a still warmer soil!—Upon yon suburbs of the infernal world! A vile colony of Beelzebub, stocked with the surplus of his own nefarious territories!"

I DESIRED my ranting philosopher to compose his mind a little; and hinted to him that working himself up into such a ferment, was not the way to *enjoy* this enlargement.

"You are mistaken," says he, "mine is not the language of anger, but of triumph;

umph ; and by raising such images in my mind, -as I think most descriptive of that villainous spot, I enjoy still greater luxury in the contrast.

CAN I behold," continues he, " this splendid soul of day, whom, had he not a maker, I would this instant adore, arising with new vigor over those harvest-crowned hills, as if he had recruited his stock of blessings by his slumbers in the Ocean?—Can I contemplate variegated nature brisk and chearful at his approach, turning towards him to welcome his arrival, and like an affectionate bride, tacitly acknowledging that nothing but *his return* was wanting to make her happy? —Can I view the beauteous face of the creation,—enjoy the cheary light of Heaven,—wander over the widely extended prospect, where the wisdom and beneficence of the Almighty appears in every part, and proclaims good-will to all?—Can I feel the salutary and invigorating breeze,

breeze, rendered still more grateful, by catching exhalations from those fragrant blossoms, and bringing with it all the odours of the fields?—Can I hear the wild music of the sprightly songsters, whilst they are pouring forth notes of gratitude to their Creator, rejoicing in the gift of their little beings?—Can I once more, enjoy the blessings congenial with our frame, and which God benevolently intended to be the inheritance of man, without entertaining a most sovereign contempt for the depraved taste of a grovelling Citizen?—Who, instead of walking at large, like a free creature of Heaven, and beholding the open face of day, prefers the confined, gloomy, suffocating noisy mansions of the town!—submits to be jammed in between two parallel walls, commanding no larger prospect than the distance of five yards in width, and twenty or thirty in length!—where all the variety he can boast, is from streets to lanes, from lanes to allies, and from allies

allies to courts!—and where, when he
 chances to lift his eyes Heavenwards,
 he seems as if he was peeping through
 the chafms of a cavern!—where the
 most luxurious of the inhabitants are ob-
 liged, in order to obtain a little enlarge-
 ment, to build their mansions in a *stable-*
yard, and in the full contemplation of
 a *dungbill*!—where the air they breathe is
 scarcely other than a *circumambient com-*
mon-sewer; so that it is a question whe-
 ther it be purified, or *contaminated* by
 its having been already received and dis-
 charged from a thousand different pair of
 lungs?—where your ears are insulted
 by numberless harsh discordant sounds,
 and your sight is afflicted by incessant
 scenes of irremediable distress!—where,
 in a word, the capricious inhabitants
 forego every genuine gift of Heaven,
 every *luxury of NATURE*, every thing
 that wears the appearance of cleanliness,
 peace, and tranquility, in order to pos-
 sess a few artificial conveniencies, which
 effe-

effeminate manners, and a depraved taste alone have rendered necessary.— The rural Beggar, who wanders from village to village, depending upon the precarious bounty of others, though he knows not *where* he shall dine, *when* he shall dine, or *whether* he shall dine at all, upon summing up the account, would, in my humble opinion, appear the richer man.

OUR Orator was going to enter upon the second division of his subject, which I fear would not have been very favourable to the *morals* of a Citizen, had not our arrival at *Wendover*, and the scenes which engaged our attention there, interrupted his harangue.

L E T

L E T T E R IV.

A SKETCH OF LONDON.

———Fornix tibi & uncta popina
Incutiunt urbis desiderium video ; & quod
Angulus iste feret piper, & thus ocius uvâ.

HOR. Lib. I. Epist. 14.

1

2

L E T T E R IV.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

T O M A R I A.

YOU had reason to expect, Maria, by the conclusion of my last epistle, that I should have proceeded immediately to describe the scene at *Wendover*. But my conscience will not permit me to be so insufferably unpolite, as to address a *Lady* upon subjects which have the least connection with *politics*. Yet in order at once to gratify *your* curiosity, and secure *my* honor, I will refer you to the inclosed, addressed to my worthy friend *Franklin, junior*, whose honest and public spirit will not suffer him to deem a little common sense, and a few plain truths, flowing immediately from the heart, to be

be the language of sedition, or of unwarrantable discontent. As long as he agrees with me, and Mr. Pope, you see I place him in good company, that

“ *Worth* makes the MAN,—the want
 “ of it, the *Fellow*,
 The rest is all but *leather* and *Prunella*,”

he will suffer me to pour forth my indignation against what *my* Dictionary calls *villainy*, tho’ it may be found in men

“ Stuck o’er with Titles, and hung
 “ round with Strings.”

BUT, perhaps you may think me guilty of a transgression against a more important rule of propriety, in writing to you from this place, without having first announced my arrival in due form. Surely, Maria, I need not already remind you, that we Sentimentalists claim the privilege of saying *what* we please *when* we please; and that if we said any thing
 in

in the common way, we should lose our charter. In the present case, however, be assured that I am solely governed by the love of regularity. Therefore am I determined not to let you know a word concerning our safe arrival, and having met with all our friends in health and spirits, until the order of my journal shall lead me to the subject:—Yet I must tell you one thing which pleases me much: there is a prospect of our staying here some days longer than was at first proposed. This unexpected change in our plan, will afford me more frequent opportunities of writing to you : and by a proper œconomy of my time, by rising early and employing two or three uninterrupted hours in the morning, together with a frugal management of the scraps and gleanings of the day, I hope to be able, not only to keep pace with the incidents of my journey, but to shew by my lucubrations, that I am something of a *philosopher*, as well as historian.

I HAVE

I HAVE taken possession of an apartment, or Dormitory—I hope the name will not diffuse any of its *morpheic* qualities,—the situation of which is delightful. My windows admit the morning sun, and command such an extensive prospect, that the eye can scarcely discern the distant hills from irregular fleecy clouds spread upon the skirts of the Horizon. The fertile country around me is beautifully diversified with woods, rivulets, rich pasturage, and fields of yellowing grain, and populated by the early sons and daughters of chearful labour. In the inclosures adjacent to the house, or upon the *fore-ground* of this landscape, I am presented with a pleasing sight of the jocund hay-makers, who, as Thomson expresses it,

—“ rake the green appearing ground,
“ And drive the dusky waves along the mead.
“ The ruffet hay-cock, rising thick behind
“ In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
“ Wak-

“ Waking the breeze, resounds the blended
voice

“ Of happy labor, love, and social glee.”

You may imagine, my dear Maria, that a situation like this is by no means favourable to the office I am about to impose upon myself; which is no other than to sit as umpire between my friend Charles and the poor insulted Citizens. It is extremely difficult, I will allow, to observe an exact neutrality, or maintain a nice bias of judgment, only to be preponderated by *truth*, in questions concerning which the sentiments and taste are already formed, and the choice finally made. But it is yet more so, in a situation and a flow of spirits, disposing me to *vindicate* these decisions. Can one who *detests* Cities, be supposed to say much in their defence? who admires to a degree of Enthusiasm, the simple and yet majestic, the irregular and yet harmonious, the silent and yet enlivening scenes of nature, can *be* be expected to advance any thing
in

in favour of *latb* and *plaiſter*, *brick* and *timber*, ranged in irregular parallels, and called *ſtreets*?——or in oblong, oval, or rhomboidal forms, and called *ſquares*?——Can a professed admirer of meandering rivers, flowery meads, bleating flocks, lowing herds, the pleasures of the spring, the joys of harvest, the luxuries of autumn, the hardy diversions of winter, the beauteous prospects of nature, the rising and setting sun, the variegated clouds, pass any *flattering* verdict upon confusion, riot, noise, darkness, confinement, and smoke? Difficult as this task may be, Maria, I have resolved to attempt it.

A principle of honesty obliges me to acknowledge, that my lively friend cannot be acquitted of partiality in his representations. He has raised those images, and expatiated upon those objects alone, which correspond with his own conceptions, without touching upon either the *disagreeable* scenes that necessarily accompany

pany some parts of a country life, or the several advantages and attractions in the city, which serve as a counterpoise to those inconveniencies he makes the subject of his wanton ridicule: whereas it is alone by forming just comparisons, that a true estimate can be obtained.

LET us therefore see what may be urged on the other side of the question.

MAY not an advocate for the metropolis alledge, that of the many praises bestowed upon a rural life, *some* at least are due to that science, and to those improvements which frequently originate in *cities*, and from thence extend their pleasurable effects to the country?—that the principles of agriculture, and a taste for gardening themselves, receive their highest perfection from the collision of geniuses collected together in *towns*?—and that were the Rustic entirely left to his own improvements, no man of taste would be fond of visiting his territories?

H

SHOULD

SHOULD this argument seem too remote from the subject, the City advocate may, with a more immediate appearance of reason, maintain, that your poets and painters select the *choicest* materials alone for their flattering descriptions; by which they deceive the simple and inattentive into a persuasion that the rustic life is a constant round of innocent pleasures and amusing scenes;—that peace, plenty, fine prospects, perpetual sunshine, —or green trees, shady groves, and cooling cascades, just as he pleases, are the uninterrupted portion of the rural swain.—He might assert, that no man as yet has attempted the praises of a cow-house or a dunghill,—nor of a *bog-skye*, either for its cleanliness, music, or odoriferous vapors;—and that, altho' a general idea of tranquility and abundance may be excited by the *prospect* of a farmer's yard, yet most passengers of a *cleanly* deportment, will chuse to take a
con-

considerable circuit, rather than pass thro' it:—and he might add, that whatever his *Muse* may like, the Poet himself would not be fond of rising early, and treading after the heavy-heeled plowman until evening, over fallowed lands, in a bleak, drizzly, winter's day.

MAY he not farther suggest, Maria, that the most passionate describers of *rural felicity*, have still betrayed their attachment to *Cities*?—that *Pope*, notwithstanding he pronounces,

“Happy the man, who to these shades
“retires,

“Whom Nature charms, and whom the
“*Muse* inspires,”

was well resigned to leave his shades, Nature, and the Muses, for the noise and bustle of the town? For, does he not boast,

“ Envy must own I live amongst the
“ Great !”

and does not all the world know that the Great are seldom or never at their country seats ? The *Mantuan Swain* too was very fond of creeping to the court of *Augustus*. *Horace* wrote several of his best pieces in celebration of a country life, when he was at Rome.* And it is affirmed, that the *nature-loving* THOMSON, composed that Eulogy upon early rising,

“ Falsely luxurious, will not man awake,”

not only in the centre of the city, but in the centre of his *bed*, at *noon day*, and that in the very middle of a *fine summer*.

* O Rus, quando ego te aspiciam ?

Sat. 6. B. II.

Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas, & cura moratur, &c.

—————tamen *istuc* mens animusque

Fert—————

Lib. I. Epist. 14.

BUT

BUT methinks I hear you object, ‘This kind of reasoning is sophistical, and unsatisfactory. It is at best a defence of a *city life* in general, rather than of the *metropolis* in particular, against which your friend has chiefly pointed his artillery; and although it be acknowledged that smaller cities may have their pleasures and conveniencies, still to be enjoyed in connection with the various advantages which the country affords; yet, you will ask, what superior attractions are there in a place where the majority of the inhabitants must, as long as they continue there, bid adieu to *nature*, and everlastingly shroud their heads in *darkness*, and *cloudy vapours*?’

I ANSWER, these are many and various, well adapted to a variety of tastes and characters. Some of them indeed are criminal, others merely frivolous, and others again of a *laudable* nature. If you please, we will take a cursory view of the principal ones.

FIRST then, the *Gay* and the *Ambitious*, whose enjoyment is centered in making a figure in the world; who are willing to embrace a thousand miseries if they may but *appear* happy; these will naturally croud to the metropolis, as to the proper theatre of exhibition. That place answers their purpose the best, which contains the largest number of *eyes*; and without a spark of benevolence in their natures, would a universal *blindness*, render them compleatly wretched. Now, it is a self-evident proposition, that those who place their happiness in the admiration of others, must remain strangers to pleasure, where there is no one to admire. The beauties of Creation can wear no charms to those whose attention is perpetually turned upon themselves. Lawns, groves, and rivers, neither compliment nor flatter; but to this class of beings, all other language is insipid. With impatience, therefore, do they fly to a spot where that dialect chiefly abounds.

BUT

BUT the inconveniencies attending so great a conflux of the rich and gay are obvious. Their multitudes pall upon the sight, until an *equipage* and a *dray cart* pass equally unnoticed by the satiated inhabitants. Or, should studied splendor and magnificence be sufficient to awaken the attention of the publick, yet, if I may express myself learnedly upon the subject, those rays of admiration are unhappily divided and sub-divided into a thousand enfeebled and diverging fragments, which each fondly wishes to be collected in one focus, and centered upon himself.

WITH these we will associate the numbers who consider *Pleasure* as the first business, the worthy pursuit of life. And to such London is the grand mart of pleasures, the very *Paradise of Mabomet*; where they may revel the whole circle of the hours, in scenes of the most refined, or of the grossest dissipation. They may wander from morning exhibitions, and

idle amusements innumerable, to plays, operas, balls, concerts, drums, routs, riddottos, taverns, gaming tables, brothels, &c. until they have exhausted the largest patrimony, the most promising health, and their whole stock of credit, character, and morals.

THE Town affords a transient entertainment to the occasional visitor, who is amazed at a mode of living so opposite to native simplicity. The bustle of the city, the splendor of the shops, the parade of business, the variety of carriages and equipages, the immense congress of people, strike him as a superior kind of *perspective box*, or *magic lantern*; and he cites upon his return, the wondrous tales of what he has seen and heard, to his listening and astonished family!

THE Metropolis is also the stage of action for a *man of business*, whose principal object is the accumulation of wealth; and
 who,

who, sportsman like, places all his bliss in the *pursuit*, being destitute of either leisure or taste, for the proper *enjoyment* of his wealth. A man of this character cares not *where* he lives, nor *how* he lives, provided he can but engross the *means* of living ; and let him but *possess* a large number of the *tickets* of enjoyment, he is by no means anxious whether they be ever drawn *prizes*, or not. The whole extent of his desires is to make a figure upon the 'Change ; to render the *Firm of his House* familiar to both the Indies ; to be able to influence the price of a commodity, and to affect the rise and fall of stocks. I need scarcely observe that, to one of this complexion, London is as it were the important spot, the point, the *fulcrum* on which he may place his *commercial lever* ; and where, provided his lever have a sufficient purchase, he may be able to do what *Archimedes* wished for in vain, *move the whole world at will*.

THE City is the most encouraging mart for superior abilities in all departments. It is a place that gives an equal chance to every trade and profession; where the *meanest* of employments may become the sources of wealth; and where taylors, chimney-sweepers, old-cloaths-men, hair-dressers, and empirics, sometimes acquire affluence, and often enjoy the privileges of being ranked in the class of gentlemen. But the misfortunes and inconveniencies are,—the man who brings his talents up to sale, is often starved before he can find a purchaser.—The arts are generally encouraged in an inverse proportion to their *utility*; and those which most administer to the luxuries and vices of mankind, are the most certain of rapid success.—The forward and self-consequential wrest from the rich and powerful, that patronage which is due to modest worth alone.—The ingenious artizan and manufacturer has such temptations to indolence, extravagance, and profligacy, as greatly endanger

danger his complete ruin.—He who is able to furnish the requisite sum to set these various hands at work, often becomes as rich as Croesus by *their* ingenuity, while the promoters of this abundance suffer all the miseries of dependance, and the insults of capricious wealth.—And the *unsuccessful* adventurer will soon be left to bewail his ill-fortune or his rashness, in a loathsome jail, unassisted, unheeded, and unlamented.*

LONDON is the happiest place of resort for the numerous gangs of sharpers and swindlers, of different denominations. It is *here* they may occupy their various honourable professions,—appear in a thousand shapes and characters with great security,—may assuredly meet with unsuspecting dupes in abundance, correspondent to the characters they assume:—and

* The humane Society for the Release of Persons imprisoned for Small Debts, instituted since the above was written, in some measure mitigates the severity of this remark.

by frequent acting, they will become so perfect in their parts, as to be able to deceive, if possible, *the very elect*,—I mean of *Mercury*, Maria.

WITH these we will associate the whole tribe of thieves, pickpockets, house-breakers, girls abandoned to vice, bullies, hireling constables, and trading justices, who conspire together to be the terror and pest of all decent and sober families.

BACHELORS and single men, whose circumstances, or whose apprehensions of burning their fingers with Hymen's torch, will not suffer them to enter into the conjugal state, easily, and *too easily* find in Town *all* their wants supplied. The whole City is their own, if either the proper use or the *abuse* of any thing deserves that title. The Philosopher's character of a *good man*, "he is *always at home*," may in a certain acceptance, be claimed by them, if they be entitled to no other.

other. For they may breakfast in one place, dine in a second, sup in a third, lodge in a fourth, or not lodge at all, without being missed or responsible to any one. It is *here* that their virtue is put to the utmost proof!—that goodness, where it is possessed, shews itself to be the genuine offspring of an upright heart and just principles, and not the illegitimate produce of *prudential regard to character*!—And it is *here* also, that an *unblemished* reputation, and *foul* deeds, are by no means incompatible; and that *prudence, decorum,* and *hypocrisy*, may long serve a man instead of all the abstemious virtues!

AND yet, Maria, notwithstanding their apparent liberty, these roving privileges soon grow irksome. They are for ever strangers to the dear delights of the social state, and the enjoyments of a well regulated family. He that is *indiscriminately* at home, is *never* at home, and he feels himself a stranger, or a visitor, amidst his closest connections.

To

To the busy Politician, who leaves all domestic affairs in confusion, to settle those of Europe; who is more anxious about the *national* debt than about his *own*; and who patiently resigns his *family* to indigence and beggary, provided the *publick* commerce be in a flourishing condition:—and to the eager Newsmonger, whose itching ears must be continually tickled by fresh intelligence; who imagines that nothing can be of importance that is three days old; and who feeds as heartily upon trials, bankruptcies, shipwrecks, conflagrations, deaths, and murders, as upon the happiest and most interesting occurrences,—the numerous coffee-houses, and other places of colloquial intercourse, become the center of happiness!

NOR can it be denied that London is in a high degree favourable to *sociability*. Its inhabitants have superior opportunities of choosing their company, provided wisdom shall stand at their elbow to direct
their

their choice—Here persons in similar pursuits and similar tastes, whose ideas perfectly *amalgamate*, may associate in a friendly club, and innocently spend their evenings in an agreeable converse—Yet it is pity that late hours, and temptations to intoxication, should often render it prudent for a cautious man, to absent himself from these associations.

To do ample justice to my subject, Maria, I must add, that the men who retain their religious principles, and whose education or conviction, teach them to give the preference to one mode of worship rather than to another, may, in yon great city, worship their Creator according to their inclinations, or the dictates of their consciences. What Voltaire has observed of the different sects in England, is peculiarly true respecting the Metropolis, “ In their fathers house there are many mansions.” Or rather they may chuse which road they please in their journey to Heaven.

Heaven. And I doubt not but the *best* and *good* in each road will find their way. Quakers, Anabaptists, Presbyterians, Independents, as well as Churchmen, may *there* worship according to their own particular modes, and associate with those of their own persuasions. While the peculiar circumstances of the place, frequent intercourses of a commercial nature, and a general inattention to every other part of a man's character, except that of honor in his vocation, give to persons of these different persuasions, the *fortunate habit*, rather than the Christian virtue of universal and reciprocal moderation.

To those falsely pious souls, who place the sum of religion in perpetually frequenting lectures and sermons, and who dream that constantly going to school and learning their duty, is exactly the same as practising it, London is "a little Heaven below!" Tabernacles, Conventicles, morning, noon, and evening lectures, amongst
the

the Disciples of Whitefield and Westley, amongst Antinomians, Hutchinsonians, and Sandimanians, besides occasional preachers in Moorfields, and other convenient places of open exhibition; may so fully occupy every portion and smallest fragment of their time, as scarcely to allow them leisure to censure those, who, by omitting some few of these *forms* of godliness, enjoy more frequent opportunities of conducting themselves by its *genuine power*.

LONDON is also a place very advantageous to the Student in his pursuits of various branches of science; where by attending upon different professors, conversing with men of learning, genius, and experience; consulting libraries, visiting museums, &c. he may enjoy the means of making the most desirable progress in his studies,—if Heaven should send him a competent quantity of resolution, to escape the dangerous dissipations of the place.

THE

THE Town may also be thought the proper school of *Manners*; where the Collegiate may wear off his pedantry, and the country gentleman his awkward address. But the *Town*, in this connection, *Maria*, must doubtless signify the multitudes of Strangers who occasionally assemble there, and from whom true politeness and courtesy of behaviour may sometimes be acquired. For it must be acknowledged, that the plainest Rustic would not gain much by his commerce with the *Natives*. Few, very few of those whose education has been confined to London, are examples of address and engaging deportment, worthy a journey to town. Considering Europe as the most important part of the Globe; England as the most important part of Europe; and, it may be, the place of *their* residence as the most important part of the Metropolis, these Citizens of *accumulated* consequence, treat with an air of childish superiority and disdain, all those unfortunate

nate

nate objects who were not born *within the sound of Bow Bells*. These gentry are also very apt to mistake negligence and inattention for ease ; a dull repetition of the contents of a news-paper, for edifying conversation ; pert reflections, and satirical insinuations upon country life and manners, for wit and humour : whilst their good ladies substitute affectation for politeness, a passion for every whimsical fashion for taste, and extravagance for grandeur.—And they both unite in the opinion, that all strangers are bound to admire every thing peculiar to the place, even to its noise, confusion, and filth. In a word, they seem to claim the privilege of behaving as they please : and forgetting that London may not be the first mart for *manners*, tho' it be for various other articles, they with equal folly and vanity, impose upon you their own *coarse unwrought* goods, for the very best of the kind.

But,

BUT, to take the word *Town* in largest signification, as the resort also persons of fashion and distinction, I confess it is a place where a countryman rub off his rust. But still he must be careful what he rubs against; or he will exchange a little country dirt for city soot; the innocent powder of a mill for the soot of a chimney-sweeper. He must be cautious not to lose in solid weight more than he gains in refinement; to exchange his honest plainness for the pendency of manners, or substitute a courteous bow and fine promises, for real services of benevolence and friendship. Chymists well know that a nail or horse-shoe, will, in an elegant solution of vitriol, throw off its rough coat of iron and acquire one of copper. But the Chymist will not tell you that the *nail*, or *horse-shoe* are the *better* for the charcoal, he will warn you, that altho' ignorant mistake it for *gold*, this will do

drous acquisition is in fact an exchange for a *noxious* body instead of the *salutary* one.

THE Metropolis is a place worthy the temporary residence of the speculative Philosopher, who thinks 'the proper knowledge of mankind is man.' By conversing with such a diversity of characters, he may acquire a considerable insight into the various modifications of the human heart. *Here* he will constantly behold the force of evil example, counteracting the original bent of a virtuous education!—the power of sordid interest over one who had early imbibed the principles of strict integrity, perhaps of *generosity*; and of criminal pleasures over the pupil of sobriety! He will learn in time to calculate the weeks or months requisite to metamorphose the son of a humble peasant, into an insolent footman; of a plain farmer's lad, into the coxcomb, or the fine gentleman!—He will lament to see the labors of
of

of a pious parent, who when he was teaching the 'young idea how to shoot,' strove to make it shoot towards *Heaven*, and watered the tender plant with many a supplicating tear; he will lament to see all his fostering care, rendered abortive by the attendance of a single month upon some disputing Club, or seminary of systematic vice! Where the porter-inspired orator affects to laugh at his former principles, as the dull notions of dotards, unworthy a man of spirit and free enquiry;—stands forth the champion of infidelity:—or prompted by vanity, becomes the *hypocrite* of SIN!—dares to deny a faith which he yet believes, openly dispute tenets he secretly reveres, and argue against convictions which, in his retired moments, 'harrow up his soul!'

IN short, our Philosopher will discover the power of connections and example, of interest or of pleasures, to change the principles and dispositions of men. And he

he will remark how easily those who have no *flamen* of their own, no genuine unshaken rule of conduct, no settled notions of virtue, and rational fear of Heaven, how easily they yield themselves up to foreign impressions, like wax to the seal; or bear a diversity of vicious resemblances, according to the moulds in which they may be accidentally cast!

AFTER he has made general observations of this nature, for which every part of that great City will furnish ample materials, he may study the leading characteristics, the distinguishing type of each division.

IN the *Western* quarter he may contemplate the proud and fastidious COURTIER, uniting the extremes of haughtiness and servility! swoln with the idea of his own importance, and yet courting the admiration of every transient spectator!—meanly cringing to those in power, but
treating

treating his inferiors with disdain!—lavish of his bounty to sycophants, and panders to his pleasures, but deaf to the cries of the indigent, or the demands of justice!—betraying his country for gold, and hazarding that gold upon the turn of a die!—supercilious to those who are dependent upon his smiles, himself a stranger to the independency of *a man*!—destitute of every moral excellence, but vain of his manifold titles and trappings of pre-eminence!—ridiculing the rigid restraints of virtue and religion, and torn asunder by the contest of irregular passion, or corroded with diseases generated by criminal excess!

AFTER he has studied this portrait of modern greatness in *our* sex, which, with a few honorable exceptions, I fear is too close a resemblance, he may cast his eyes upon that most whimsical and insignificant thing called a *fine Lady*; in whom, although she thinks herself
the

the most important personage in the whole Creation, he will search in vain for those characteristic excellencies of woman, winning softness, modest reserve, delicate sense, elegant œconomy, and the regular conduct of domestic affairs, filial, conjugal, and parental affection, and a heart attuned to genuine friendship, sympathy and love. The whole business of her life he will perceive to be *pleasures*, and the indulgence of her capricious humors; and yet that she is a *novice* in her profession! He will find her a slave to fashions which *disfigure* the person she is so anxious to *adorn*; a stranger to true elegance and taste, although it be what she chiefly affects; and *disgusted* with the amusements which have occupied all her thoughts! He will smile to see her mistake affected airs for gentility—impertinence for familiarity—haughtiness for dignity—volubility of tongue for eloquence—the ideas and a round of hackneyed phrases for sentiment—the most absurd prostitution of

strong expressions upon trivial subjects, for sublimity of thought—a troublesome pettishness of disposition, for a delicate sensibility of nerves! And he sometimes will have occasion to be shocked at her breaking through the modest, the amiably timid restraints of nature, and considering *impudence* as a womanly virtue!—at her affecting to disbelieve the truth of *religion*, while she is the dupe of *childish credulities*; braving her MAKER with more than masculine infidelity, and yet screaming and trembling at the sight of a *mouse*, or a *spider*! He will observe her strictly maintaining all the *appearances* of friendship, but totally lost to its *reality*;—making generous offers of assistance to those above the want of it, and neglecting common civilities to the needy and oppressed;—classing herself among the warmest of your friends in your presence, and sporting with your character in the hour of absence;—estimating the worth of her associates according to the *Rank* they

hold in the polite world, and yet tituting all the *confidence* of friendship to *chamber maid*, and the best affection of her sophisticated nature to *parrots*, *kitties* and *lap-dogs*!

Her most serious occupations, he will observe to consist either in receiving or paying irksome visits of ceremony; in which her expressions of the happiness she feels at the interview, can only be counteracted by the real languor and disgust she experiences:—or in answering bills of unmeaning compliments:—or in realizing her own conceptions of friendship and politeness, by sending round an empty equipage, attended with a train of domestics, to enquire after the welfare of her most intimate associates! In the evenings, he will see her sit down at a card table, with anxiety, impatience, pride, anger, and a thousand evil passions in her train:—and perhaps he may detect her, under the sanction of

her sex and quality, practising at the pool the dirty tricks of a *sharp*er!

THUS, my friend, from a general review of her whole life, will our Philosopher either be tempted to turn a partial Mahometan, and doubt whether *some* of your sex may not be formed *without a soul*; or he will place the existence of such a Being among the unsearchable mysteries of Providence!

SATIATED with these sights, he will not be much disposed to visit the purlieus of the Hay-market, Cockspur-street, and Piccadilly, where the dependants and appendages of greatness chiefly resort; or he might here contemplate human nature in a masquerade, if it be possible, still more fantastic! He might behold persons descended from the meanest parentage, and educated in the humblest walks of life, suddenly springing up, like gaudy and pernicious weeds in the place

place of nutritive grain: and in their various professions of Barbers, Tailors, Hair-dressers, Milliners, Linguists, Musicians, &c. assuming the airs, and apeing the manners of their superiors!

If our Philosopher should take a walk among the new buildings of *St. Mary-la-bonne*, he will not fail to admire the provisions made in this commodious place, for administering to vice, and preserving the appearance of virtue. Here he may chance to detect many a sedate head of a family toying with a girl of the town; — Ladies of strict honor punctual in their appointments with their gallants; — except mistresses counterbalancing infidelity to their *benefactors* by generosity to *strangers*; — and females of *unquestioned* virtue destroying the constitutions of *über* youth!

PASSING by *St. Giles's*, he may have opportunities of contemplating man

A SKETCH OF

*y learn not to love the world, nor the
ings of the world!*

He will find the distinguishing character of *your* sex, Maria, to be an eagerness to pay the most *extravagant* compliments to their husband's wealth; and by various arts of dissipation, put his Gains and Credit to the utmost proof. In a word, he will observe such a general spirit of luxury, such an affectation of affluence amongst our City Dames, as to discountenance the very appearance of œconomy, and render them a willing prey to milliners, laundresses, and domestics! He will perceive such a rage for imitating the prevailing fashions, as breaks down every distinction, and confounds every class;—so that he shall find it difficult to distinguish the mistress from her waiting-maid, or decypher the wife or daughter of a Butcher, Baker, Tallow-chandler, or Poulterer, in a publick assembly, from a rich heiress, or the consort of
an

an opulent merchant! He will frequently hear of affectionate wives, who plunder their dear partner at *home*, that they may support his reputation *abroad*; and in league with their servants, advance the price of every marketable commodity in their daily accounts, to raise a fund for these secret and laudable services. He will often meet Females stepping out of pastry shops and dirty courts, like an heroine on the stage from a cottage or a prison, *in all the pomp of dress!* and he may sometimes detect the notable housewife performing her common domestic offices, in *Silks, laces, and brocades*,—either from her unconquerable attachment to *finery*, or because the *poverty* of her wardrobe will not allow her the necessary change of suits!

In the various outskirts of the town our inquisitive observer may be witness to an odd assemblage of characters and situations. He will find some few who

I 5 desire

desire to live and *deserve* to live, and are so fortunate as to succeed; many who *would* live, and *cannot*; great numbers who *might* live, and *will* not; and no small number who *do* live, and do *not deserve* it. He will often discern silent Want and Sicknefs privately struggling with woe, while Imposture intercepts the plenteous streams of mercy, which would otherwise gladden their hearts! He will remark, with a mixture of pity and indignation, the cruel policy of the times, which sets open such multitudes of houses for the purposes of riot and intoxication, and thus debauches the morals of the people, in order to increase the publick revenues!—To this cause will he principally attribute the frequent sight of insolence in rags;—of spirits grown ungovernable by being lost to every sense of decency of character;—of men reduced to the lowest ebb of wretchedness, even beyond the *feeling* of their own misery;—and terminating their worthless existence, by
falling

falling victims to the laws, through crimes of which the laws themselves have been the parents, the nurfes, and the guardians!

By the water fide he may contemplate the fons of Neptune. He will fee an active impetuous race, equally ready for great and noble exploits, or for riot and confufion—as the moft trivial circumftances fhall decide! He will find them *generous*, becaufe improvident and thoughtlefs; *brutal*, becaufe they are themfelves hardy; and *courageous*, becaufe they are ignorant of danger! In the fame perfons, he will be witnefs to inftances of more than Roman virtue, mixed with the vices of a ruffian!

He may often behold a city mob doing *wrong*, in order to rectify abufes;—falling forth to revenge real or imaginary evils, and committing ftill greater in the attempt;—meaning well, and actuated

and by right principles in the *first* instance, but in the next degenerating into a lawless banditti;—hissing, hallooing, pelting, or leading in triumph, a *Prince* or a *Beggar*, according to their ideas of merit or demerit; but changing these ideas with every wind that blows.

If curiosity or commiseration shall induce him to visit the numerous Prisons, he will see places intended for schools of reformation, become nurseries of vice. He will observe men rendered ten-fold more daring and experienced in iniquity, by their *punishments*;—lost to every sense of shame, except the shame of having any remaining virtues; and familiarized to ignominious deaths, until they placidly contemplate them as *natural events*.

SHOULD our *speculative* chance to be at the same time a *practical* Philosopher, he will retire with due expedition from a place, where, it is true, there is so much
to

to learn, yet so little to please. But if fate should oblige him to take up his residence there, he will make the best of the matter; prudently enjoy all the advantages the Town affords; convert his knowledge of mankind, if possible, to their use; and judging with Horace,*

“ In either place ’tis folly to complain,
 “ The Mind, and not the Scene creates
 “ the pain,”

he will seek happiness within himself, by the practice of virtue, and the pursuit of useful science; which, fortunately for man, require no particular soil of Town or Country, but will grow and flourish equally well wherever they are properly cultivated.

Adieu,

J. B.

* Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur
 iniquè.

In Culpa est Animus, qui se non effugit unquam.

LIB. I. Epist. 14.

L E T-

LETTER

ELECTIONS

THE
ELECTIONS
OF
1876

LETTER V.

Stowe, July 16, 1769.

To ——— FRANKLIN, Junior, Esq;

WENDOVER.

HEYDAY! What is the matter?
Behold all the marks of an invasion, or
a civil war! Windows broken, doors de-
molished, sign-posts humbled to the dust!
Here stands a man with a broken arm,
and yonder go two or three more with
bruised faces and black eyes! Prithee,
what have you all been about?

“ ‘*Lectioneering*, Sir,” answers an el-
derly man, to whom I addressed my en-
quiry.

quiry.—'Leffionceering! what do you mean by that, good man?'

"WHY, it's going about to be made a *Parlament man* on; and he that gets the most votes carries the day."

'BUT I do not see the connection, my honest friend, between chusing Mr. A. or Mr. B. for your representative, and demolishing your town, or knocking one another on the head.'

"DON'T you? Why then I can tell you, *meister*," says the old gentleman, with a smile of contempt aimed at my ignorance. "These great fokes makes us little fokes drunk, and when we are drunk we fight, and when we fight we do mischief, that's all."

'THE greater fools you to make yourselves such beasts.'

"NAY, as to the matter of that, I think your great fokes ought to know better

ter than to set us together by the ears, to serve their own turns."

'AND I think you ought to know better than to be set together by the ears by them.'

"L—d, Sir, if *you* could get your belly full of *vittels* and drink for *notbing*, and money given you into the *bargan*, you would now, I'll wornt you. There is the *White-lyon*, and *Grey-bound*, and *Blackamore's-bead*, has been open for these three weeks *successfully*. Ale was given away by pails-full. You might go in and eat and drink 'till you burst again, at any time, and nobody would take no notice like."

'So then you are fond of the diversion, I find.'

"ALACK a day, Sir! I have lived in the town, and paid scot and lot thirty-one years and an half, come *Michaelmas* next:
and

and I've polled for eleven *parlament men*, and have got my swill of ale, and a broken pate e'ry time, thank God."

' So I see these worthy gentlefolks first make *beasts* of you, and then claim the honour of being your *representatives*;—that's curious enough! But pray tell me what these parliament men are good for when you have them,' says Charles, ' for on my life, I know not?'

" GOOD for, Sir! blefs your heart! good for! why if it was not for them, we should all be over-run with *Papishes* and *Presbyterians*, God knows."

' AND what harm would they do you?'

" LUD, Sir, how you talk! Why they would knock us on the head, if we did not wear *wooden-shoes*, and go to the *Pan-tile* house!"

' So you knock one another on the head to prevent these calamities!'

" AYE

"AYE to be sure. Thof I ant now the man I was, I'll fight for Old England as long as there is a drop of blood left in this old carcase of mine; and I'll stand up for the Church too, *agen* all the *Presbyterian sons of bitches* in the nation, as long as my name's *John Marlow*, that I *wul*? I'll be damn'd if I don't."

WITH this pious exclamation, honest *John* broke from us rather abruptly, and joining some of his associates at a little distance, raised a laugh upon us as we passed them.

ALTHOUGH the description of this ludicrous scene may afford my worthy friend a momentary amusement, yet no man who wishes good to individuals, or is a true lover of his country, can seriously reflect upon scenes of a similar nature, so frequently repeated, without the utmost abhorrence. The people, when they are thus assembled for the purpose of electing
a Re-

a Representative, may justly be deemed not only one part of the Legislature, but the most important part:—from them Governors derive their power; and for their benefit alone all good governments are instituted. And when their superiors in fortune, or in education and understanding, take advantage of the indigency and dependent state of the lower class of people, or of the ignorance of uncultivated minds, and thus seduce or impel them to prostitute the right which Nature and our excellent constitution have put into their hands, they are guilty of an attempt as base in its motives, as it is ruinous in its consequences.

THE Election of Representatives in Parliament, is the most important act in which the community at large can possibly be engaged. Nay, it is the only public act in which they have *authoritative* concern; and the issues of it remain irremediable for a space of time, long enough,
at

at some critical periods, to ruin a whole kingdom. Surely then Constituents ought to be well instructed in the nature of this their power, and taught how to direct it to the general good! And yet, my friend, where shall we find this disposition in those *able* to instruct them? On the contrary, is there not, almost universally, a disposition to *deceive* and *abuse*? Are there any instances in civil society, of immoralities, chicanery, and *absolute villainy*, equal to those manifested in the conduct of our Elections? I must confess my astonishment at finding such a *contrast* in the human breast, as these periods discover.—Those, who perhaps are of decent and honourable deportment, in all the concerns of *private* life, seem at *such* seasons, to glory in acting the parts of *deceitful knaves*; and without pretending to a dispensation from any Pope, mutually consent to be guilty of as great a quantum of wickedness, at these carnivals, as the most indulgent Pope ever had the insolence to par-

pardon! But, my good friend, do virtue, honour, integrity, change their lively natures when the cause becomes *national*? Or, can those vices which are execrated in the *individual*, become the ornament of a *partizan*? Can those dishonourable acts which would disgrace the perpetrator in his own *circumscribed* sphere,—where their influence is merely *local*—become *less* culpable in proportion as their malignant effects are *extensively diffused*?—Or, tell me, is virtue such an irksome restraint upon men, that they shall be glad of an opportunity to give their consciences a respite, and a school boy's holiday, and seize the occasion, when a regard to character is suspended, of giving a loose to the natural propensity of their minds?

WHATEVER be the cause, it is enough to amaze those who retain any portion of their native simplicity, and strike horror into the minds of such who still feel the workings of common humanity, to consider

sider what *desperate* means are employed to answer the most *trivial* purposes!—To reflect how many an honest, sober, diligent Mechanic, has degenerated into an indolent Vagabond, or been corrupted into a perjured Villain, in consequence of the reigning dissoluteness of these seasons!—How many a worthy and industrious family, have been threatened with immediate ruin, or actually turned a-drift from their habitations, simply as sacrifices to the puerile ambition of an insignificant individual, who, it is probable, is not of half the consequence to the publick weal, as the Farmer, the Weaver, Shoemaker, or Taylor, whom he seduces, depraves, or overwhelms with misery!

AND, for *what* is all this violent commotions?—*Wherefore* this temporary civil war?—*Why* must contention, hatred, and irreconcilable animosities, be let loose upon a Borough or a County?—Is it not to determine some absurd point of ho-

K

nour,

duct, than for a Nobleman, who in his own right is *one* branch of the Legislature, meanly to encroach upon the rights of the *other*?—to lavish his wealth in corrupting the principles of an unthinking Freeholder, and influence him in the choice of a Representative, part of whose office it is to watch over, and restrain the *abuse* of that power which his Rank necessarily bestows?—Can there be a more shameful solecism, than for one who is deemed *first* in the class of *Gentlemen*, to exert his influence in the appointment of a person, who is to be a defence against *his own encroachments*?—and break through the best barrier of the Constitution, that a *creature of his own* may be elected as a *guarantee* of it?—The severest laws against the open invaders of another's property, or poachers of their favourite game, to which these Personages ever gave their suffrage, ought, according to the *Lex Talionis*, to be returned upon themselves! I must confess, my friend, that when I behold
these

these *Right Honorables* sport with the liberties of mankind, and aim at grasping all the power and influence in the kingdom to themselves, I cannot forbear in the warmth of my resentment, reducing the metaphorical language of Shakespeare's Gardener, to its more literal interpretation.

- " Cut off the heads of too fast growing
 "sprays,
 " That look too *lofty* in our common
 "wealth :
 " All must be *even* in our government.*

SHOULD my good Franklin think that his friend is, contrary to his usual custom, *warm* upon the question, he answers, that there are some things of *too serious* an import to bear a smile ; that there are some actions, of which, altho' they entitle a man to a seat in *Bedlam*, the *villany* shall yet exceed the *folly* !—And in these cases, the indignation of every one who feels in any respect, correspondent with the nature

ture of his subject, must rise superior to his love of ridicule.

“ *Omne animi vitium tanto conspectius in se*

“ *Crimen habet, quanto major qui peccat*

“ *babetur.*†

BUT to return to our Plebeians.

WERE I to follow the natural train of the argument, I should only urge what has been repeated times innumerable :—I should of course bewail the inequality of representation, the absurdity of Boroughs almost without inhabitants, appointing Delegates to maintain their rights, while the rights of thousands and tens of thousands remain defenceless :—I should lament that the choice of the Representatives of a populous and flourishing nation, should be confined to so *few*, and often to such *foul and unworthy hands* :—I should vainly desire that vice would correct it-

* RICHARD II. Act 3. † JUVENAL.

self,

self; and that those who are naturally disposed to *abuse* their power, would be the first to *reform* this abuse. Yet I cannot forbear wishing, that every individual in the nation *felt* the injury of being excluded from a share in the Legislature, and sought some constitutional and effectual method of redress. For without a voice, either in the Parliament itself, or in the choice of a Delegate, their dearest privileges may be bartered away for a paltry-bribe, or a Cann of ale! In short, one class of men are totally at the mercy of another! And if this bears any part in the definition of a *slave*, they are slaves, tho' for the present they feel not the chain!

BUT altho' a radical cure of this dangerous disease is not much to be expected, and perhaps could not be accomplished without such violent convulsion, as might greatly endanger our political constitution, yet I think some very considerable palliative might be administered.

Is THERE not great reason to believe, that great numbers, perhaps a majority of the Freeholders, wanton with the liberties of their fellow Citizens, merely thro' gross ignorance, or culpable inattention? —that they have the most confused ideas of the office of a Representative in Parliament? —that, altho' the welfare of the whole nation ultimately depends upon their decisions, yet they know as little of the matter as *John Marlow*, who thought that a parliament-man was to guard him, some how or other, against *Papists*, *Presbyterians*, and *wooden-shoes*? I would recur therefore to the idea which was first suggested: —that some proper method should be adopted, fully to acquaint the Electors with the nature and importance of their power, at such interesting periods; —that they ought to be instructed in the common liberties of mankind, the general principles of government, and the design of all civil society! —Would it not be highly meritorious to those who retain

tain any sparks of public spirit, and are *patriots indeed*, to draw up a plain and clear summary of the privileges and duties of an Elector, to be put it into the hands of every Freeholder in the kingdom, particularly at the eve of a General Election?—Ought not these Electors to be informed, that *they* are at such junctures the representatives of *others*?—that they stand in the place of *thousands*?—That *perjury* is not the only vice of which they can be guilty, that they may at the same time, be guilty of aiding and abetting *oppression*?—that the choice of a man, avowedly unqualified, either from the known want of capacity, or of publick or private virtue; or from his being already the servile minion of the Court, are also crimes of the first magnitude?—that *they* are responsible for the measures *that* man shall espouse?—and if the nation be ruined, by the choice of unworthy Representatives, which is the danger of the

present times, the ruin of the whole Empire rests *with them* ?

NOR would such friendly, and truly patriotic admonitions, be seasonable to the *lower* class of Electors alone ; but many of their Superiors might also profit by them. For is it not notorious, that while the one are thus easily seduced or deterred from voting with impartiality, the Others as easily and unthinkingly enlist themselves on the side of the seducers ? Or do they not fall into the opposite extreme ; and treat with the utmost indifference, a concern in which the interests of the whole state are embarked ? Are there not thousands, whose characters and fortunes entitle them to a very respectable and *lawful* influence in the Constitution, that are restrained by indolence, or pusillanimity, from giving their suffrage at all ?—Or otherwise, do they not consider the election of a Candidate as a matter of *personal favor*, rather than of *publick trust* ? and attend infinitely

ly more to partial recommendations, and family connections, than to the political principles, or the honor and probity of the Party whose cause they espouse?

THE Scene at *Wendover*, is I fear too just a representation of the ignorant Freeholders in general, who barter away every thing that is valuable for a treat at an Inn. But I really think our friend, to whom I have heard you give the significant title of *Sir Indifference Wealthy*, is as genuine a sample of the class I now mention. Since I saw you last I have had the honor of dining with this good Knight, who is really a worthy Individual, and if possible, still more respectable for the goodness of his heart, than for the excellence of his dinners. But he seems to have the public spirit of an *Oyster*; and to be as inattentive to every national question as his faithful dog *Turpin*, that is borne down with years, indolence, and fat. While we were at table, I endeavoured to

to rouse the old Gentleman from his lethargy, by expatiating, with some vehemence, upon the absurd and iniquitous manner in which elections were conducted.

“PSHA! It’s a *customary thing*, says the Knight.”—You must know that he voted at a late election in the county of N——, for a man whose character, both public and private, was very exceptionable, merely because their *Lands lay contiguous*; and he thought it would be *un-neighbourly action* to vote against him.

“IT is a customary thing,” says the Knight, as he helped himself to a bit of Turbot.

ITS being so customary, says I, is one grand subject of my complaint.

“I DON’T see much in it,” quoth he, “it always was, and always will be so.”

I ANSWERED, that I could not help seeing

seeing a great deal in it ; and that if his prophecy was true, there was but a gloomy prospect for the nation.

“ AYE, you croaking Politicians, are always foreboding evil :—Why we live as well now as ever we did,” quoth my Host, —and helps himself to the other slice.

THIS may not always be the case, Sir, supposing it admissible for you to judge of the state of Myriads, by the plenty which your ample fortune affords you. And permit me to observe, that if your *Predecessors* had been as indifferent to the common interest of mankind as yourself, it might not have been in your power to have lived as at present : and were every man of influence to be governed by the same supine maxims, your *Posterity* will never see Turbot or Turtle at the Tables of any but of Priests, Placemen, and Pensioners ; who will riot in luxury by grievous taxes on their estates, if not by an iniquitous confiscation of the whole.

HIS

HIS mouth was full, and he was silent.

THE more the evil is customary, the more it is multiplied and encreased, Sir Knight. The repetition of a vice five thousand times, can never change it into a virtue; tho' our familiarity with it may render us inattentive to its nature or consequences. It is a customary thing also for the total absence of public spirit, and a general corruption of manners, to destroy a Nation; and shall any, from this shallow consideration, sit easy in the prospect of its dissolution?

I CANNOT make that out, says my Host.—

I WAS going to help him; and was collecting in my own mind the links of the chain between the universal depravity, and final ruin of a state. But he saved me the trouble. For having finished his Turbot, he poured out a bumper of Claret, and after he had testified his religion,
loy-

ELECTIONS. 207

loyalty, and public spirit, by drinking Church, King, and Constitution,—he threw himself back in his great arm chair, and fell fast asleep.

Adieu.

J. B.

LET-



L E T T E R VI.

T A L K A T I V E W O M A N.

Le coup mortel que vous portez a votre frere, est il plus leger, parceque c'est l'imprudence, & la legerité qui l'ont lancé ?

MASILLON.



L E T T E R VI.

Stowe, July, 1769.

T O M A R I A .

THE reflections which were the subject of my Letter to our mutual friend, held us out as far as *Aylesbury*, of which I was right glad ; nothing doubting but that the chief town in *Buckinghamshire*, which sends two Members to Parliament, has a County Jail, and the Assizes annually, besides a good market every Saturday, would afford me such ample materials for animadversion, as should last me at least as far as *Stowe*. But I know not how it was, nothing was able to call forth

forth the smallest spark of sentiment, until we had a glimpse of the magnificent *Prison*, as we were passing through the Town.

THIS, said I to Charles, is an *obvious* contrast. Every spectator may, if he pleases, be witness to *external* Grandeur and *inward* Misery. But could we inspect with equal ease the inmost recesses of the human heart, how many *wretched* objects should we not discover, under appearances equally *splendid* and *pompous*!

TRUE, said my companion, what think you of a Nabob maker, a government Contractor, or merciless Monopolizer, who though they may live in edifices yet more stately than this before us, have hearts blacker with guilt than the vilest miscreant amongst those Felons; and whose consciences, if they have not totally ceased to remonstrate, must inflict a severer punishment, than any they may have escaped by eluding the laws.

I MADE

I MADE a rejoinder or two, but as they were pretty nearly of the same nature with those moral remarks which have lately flown out of my whip-lash, I shall forbear mentioning them.

It was now near twelve o'Clock; the day most sultry; and ourselves fatigued with heat and dust. Yet like true Philosophers, we judged it prudent to bear a present inconvenience, for the sake of a future advantage: And as riding another hour would bring us to the proper season of dinner and repose, we only called for a Biscuit and a glass of Cyder at the *George*, and pressed forwards to WINSLOW; which we were informed was a good market town; and where we might expect to be accommodated with every thing fit and necessary to entertain gentlemen travellers.

W I N S L O W.

THE first object that attracted our notice was a *self-consequential Sign-post*,
stretched

with which both *Euras* and *Boreas* seem-
ed often to have amused themselves on a
holiday, or when they were not bent up-
on *greater mischiefs*. We thought, that
being a novice in her profession, she
might have mistaken the place; but
looking about, we at length descried a
small slip of a Manger in one of the cor-
ners; which operating like heaven, or by
virtue of a certain figure in Rhetoric,
called *Synecdoche*, substituting a part
for the whole, gave to this large cobweb'd
Barn, a just right and title to the ap-
pellation and honors of a Stable.

WE took the other parts of the office
upon ourselves; and sent the girl in quest
of her mistress.

THE Landlady, who was a smart,
lively woman, immediately appeared
before us, and endeavoured, by the vo-
lubility of her tongue, and extreme cour-
tesy of her behaviour, to atone for every
sin she might ignorantly commit against
gram-

grammar or common sense. Upon enquiring what we could have for dinner, we were at first answered according to the enlarged scale of a *pettifogging-shop*; where they generally boast of the greatest plenty without doors, to hide their extreme poverty within.

“WHAT you please, *Gemmen*; just what you please. There is not a house in all *Winslow*, or the next town to it, that keeps a better *Lardiner* than I do, tho’ I says it that should not say it, as folks say.”

HOWEVER, when we descended to particulars, she apologized away with great dexterity the whole of this copious Larder.—The heat of the weather ;—the smallness of the family at home ;—its not being market-day ;—some company unexpectedly coming in last night, reduced her to confess, that the whole stock in trade, consisted of a dish of *Beans* and

L

Bacon,

Bacon, which was saved out of the provision sent to the Haymakers.

EXCELLENT, nothing can be better; let us have it immediately.

“ You shall, Sir, in a *minuit*; please to walk into this little palur, or up stairs into my large dining room, which will be much more cooler, and lightsummer, and pleasanter for you, Gemmen. I’ll shew you the way.”

It was well she was our guide; for the high road of the stair case was divided and subdivided, at every five steps, into so many bye-ways, leading *this* into one room in a corner, *that* to another; that we had been infallibly lost in a labyrinth without her.

At last we arrived at the *grande Salle*: which it is true was of a commodious size, being the whole length of the building, not to mention some few yards stolen
len

len from the street, by means of an *antique diamond-paned bow-window*. The floor was of *Oak*. But English Oak itself, though it resists a *cannon ball*, and conquers nations, must still submit to the conquering teeth of *Time*: who indeed had made so hearty a meal of it, that the chinks, in divers parts, gaped wide and horrible. In the centre, from the chimney downwards, stood a long table, with benches on each side of it, always ready to receive the welcome guests of a market day;—who by the bye, not to lose any time, seemed to be catching at immortality, while they were waiting for their dinners:—For they had covered the surface of the benches and table, with the initials of their names, and various dates, curiously etched with their knives and forks, and crooked nails.—In one corner of the room was an antiquated bedstead; and in another, an antient escutoir was placed, which, in every future agreement between Landlord and Te-

nant, must doubtless be left as a *fixture*; for twenty men, in these degenerate days, would scarcely be able to stir it. A map of the world hung over the chimney. The Life of *Hannah Snell*, and *Shinkin Shenny Morgan, sbentleman of Wales*, together with the pictures of the different ages of men, and of *old women grinding young again*, adorned the walls. The naked spaces left room for the imagination to work at will; for Time had by various fantastic cracks, and divers colours, drawn the outlines of human figures, castles, landscapes, and hobgoblins, and politely left the Spectator to finish them in his own stile.

As I have before hinted, our Landlady was blessed with a volubility of speech, enough to make her the admiration and the envy of every Orator, from a Robinhoodist up to a Senator; who wishes to pass for eloquent without troubling himself with ideas. At first we were
fur-

surprised at her being able to supply such a perpetual current. But by attentively listening to her for a minute or two, we were initiated into the secret. I will not say she *thought* aloud; that would be paying her too great a compliment: but every trifling idea that slightly touched upon the fibres of her Cenforium, immediately ran, by something of an electrical conductor, to her tongue, and set it into motion.

I WILL lay an even wager, says Charles, that we pump all the scandal of the neighbourhood out of this loquacious animal, while she is laying the dinner cloth.

It is happy for the neighbourhood, said I, that these Tatlers are to be but little credited. For they who are so very eager to tell you news, are seldom in a disposition to wait and collect the evidences of its truth.

—AND here, Maria, before I proceed any farther, I must beg you to let a greater virtue for a moment take place of a less, and permit the fidelity of an historian to push delicacy a little on one side.—

‘WELL, Landlady, (says my companion) have they found the young Radical who ran away and left his master’s daughter with child?’

“WHAT, *Tom Simkins*, Sir?”

‘YES, I think his name was *Simkins*. He lived with farmer—what’s his name, yonder, higher up in the town?’

“RIGHT hand, or left, Sir?”

‘IF I mistake not, it is on the right hand; but I am not certain.’

“OH, oh! I knows who your Worship means, *Nat Allistons*, Farmer *Richardson’s*

ardson's man. What, do you know they folks, Sir?"

'I cannot say I am *much* acquainted with them.'

"AYE, well, I knows what I knows. The *last* pays all, says I. Why, Sir, it was no more *Nat's* child, than it was *mine*; but *mum's* the word; least said is soonest mended. A quiet tongue makes a wise head, says I."

'BUT I have never heard that the girl had a bad character before.'

'THEY must get up by times, that has every body's good word. But I believes nobody is duberous whose child it is.'

'WHAT, do they suspect****?' says Charles, supplying the want of a name with a significant wink, and placing his fore-finger along the side of his nose.'

“ WELL, well, it's no bread and butter of mine, G-d knows; but there are some people in the world are no better than they shud be. The Gemman you speaks of, Sir, and she was catched together once and agen, behind some hayricks in Farmer *Well's* Close; and e'ery body says the Barn is the very moral of his Father. Well, I must say, when I first heard on't, I was in such a confutation, I did not know what in the world to do. Up I gets, and down I falls in a swoond like;—I never was in such a quandary in all my life;—You might see my heart bursting through my bosom;—I've ne'er been my own Woman since;—Only see, Sir, I'm wasted to an Otomy. But they say a creaking gates goes the longest upon its hinges; that's my comfort.”

‘ BUT why was *you* so frightened at this news, Landlady?’

“ WHY,

“WHY, Sir? Why Mr. PARSONS made love to me at the very said ’dential time. And I had a sort of sneaking kindness for him too, I can’t say but I had;—He did not use me well, I can’t say he did;—but that does not argify,—I bear no malice, not I. He was as fine a looking man as ever lay by the side of a woman—thof I say it that should not say it.”

‘Where is that Gentleman now?’

‘WHERE is he? Gone beyond Sea. He may be hanged or drowned for what I care. I wish the Devil’s Children Devil’s luck, that’s all.’

‘AND what’s become of *Patty*—?’

“WHAT the *Miller’s* youngest daughter?”

‘THE same.’

“A LITTLE *Puffs*. Her belly’s up to her chin too. As for my part, I keeps myself to myself like. I stays at home and minds my own business, and never

sociate with any of them, nor keeps any correspondence. But folks will talk."

'BUT what can they say more upon the subject?'

"WHY, Sir, betwixt you and I, she has been taking *Daphne's lezer*, and *Hickery pickery*, and *Tinkly mirth*, and a mort of Doctor's stuff for the *Dropsy*.—Dropsy, quotha, the Midwife must tap her, that's all. Ha, ha, ha!"

'AND how do you like your Curate now?'

"OH, Sir, he is the finest man as ever trod shoe-leather; and he has such a laudable voice when he reads prayers; and he is so merry and comical withal. He and I are towns-folks like, for he came from Northampton, and I but seven miles beyond it. He often comes here and smokes his pipe and his pot in the little parlour below, with *Dickason* the Exciseman. Folks says that *Dickason* is adopted to drinking; but I ne'er seed any harm of him, not I. Let e'ery one
mend

mend one, and the world will last the longer, as the saying is. Any man may be o'ertaken in liquor sometimes; and if a Gemman is sober, and peaceable, and quiet in his cups, I sees no great harm in it, for the matter of that. But the world's as full of envy as a toad is of poison, as the man says."

THIS, my good friend, and much of the same kind, was the interesting conversation during our repast. For the Landlady condescended to officiate as waiter; which she begged as a particular favor, because we were such civil gentlemen, and such good company. Whether from the above specimen of her talents, you will have the same favourable opinion of her, I shall not determine. You will agree with me in one thing, that it is a great happiness to be out of the reach of such inconsiderate pests to society, who can scarcely open their mouths without blasting a character. And altho' they may be acquitted of malice, or evil design,

design, do infinite mischief merely from a wantonness of tongue.

FARTHER to enlarge, my dear *Maria*, upon the subject of *Scandal*, might be deemed a tacit and *scandalous* impeachment of your disposition and conduct; altho' I am well persuaded that there is too large a share of justice and humanity in the composition of that excellent heart, ever to admit the malignant whisper, or injurious jest.

YET allow me, *Maria*, to mention one argument against the vice, which, as it is addressed to *self-interest*, may hitherto have escaped your notice. There is not, I believe, a more effectual method to pass thro' life, free from the poisoned shafts of malevolent tongues, than to lay it down as an invariable rule, never to encourage the recital, much less to retail any malicious anecdote to the prejudice of another. It is observable, that all men speak *well* of those who make it a point to speak *ill* of no man. It is universally

verfally deemed *cowardice*, wantonly to attack fuch as never bear any *offenfive* weapons about them. Thefe are admitted, as *neutrals*, amidft contending parties; and the arrows of malevolence will fly on each fide, without being aimed at them, or even accidentally wounding them. Whereas a difpofition to afperfe characters, is a fair Butt for afperfion. It is here as in *treafon*, they who love the *Calumny*, will hate and profecute the *Calumniator*, with the moft implacable virulence.

THE next ftep in virtue, and in refined *self-intereft* alfo, is to proceed a degree farther. Whenever we hear a character traduced, to endeavour to extract the venom, by expatiating upon their *good* qualities, where we know the perfons; or charitably interpret the *evil* that is alledged againft them, if they be ftrangers. This will fometimes, I acknowledge, expofe us to injuries in our turn. We fhall now and then receive a few
 ftrokes.

strokes of ill-nature, which were intended for another. We shall be termed the Protectors of vice, and the Abettors of the crimes we would extenuate. But then we shall in recompence, enjoy inward satisfaction in contemplating the *virtues* of our species ;—we shall walk on the *clean* side, whilst these scavengers of human nature are *wallowing in all the dirt* they can find ;—the mind will be habituated to the milder virtues ;—and it will possess the calm conscious pleasures of *benevolence*, instead of the little, turbid, irritating gratifications of ill-tempered pride. “ C’est notre *Cœur* qui decide de nos plaisirs,” says my favorite Maffillon, “ un cœur corrompu, ne trouve de joie que dans tout ce qui lui rappelle l’image des vices. Les joies innocentes ne conviennent qu’à la vertu.” That these may continue to be thine, is the sincere wish of

Your’s, &c. J. B.

L E T-

LETTER VII.

GROUNDLESS FEARS.

—Carp diem, quam minimum credula postero.

HOR.



L E T T E R VII.

Stowe, July, 1769.

T O M A R I A .

IT has hitherto been the prevailing disposition of my mind, Maria, to *hope the best* concerning every future event; and may it ever continue, altho' at the end of life, I should look back upon a long train of disappointments. When Hope does not lead to a culpable presumption, it is doubtless the *happiest*, and my friend Charles will prove, from the principles of physiology, that it is the healthiest of all the passions. For altho' time should not bring us the blessings we wish for, yet it gives that certain present enjoyment of which it was not in the power of disappointment to rob us:—so that, come what will, we may always laugh at misfortunes for doing only *only third* of their
bu-

business; for troubling us the moment in which they are present, without their being able to deprive us of the *past*, or prevent the *future*. Now the contrary passion, a predominant Fear, is perpetual misery. It is misery *self-created*, springing up *within* us, without any foreign cause. Whilst we are under its baneful influence, it is not in the power of a present blessing to make us happy, as it is always imbittered with doubts; and all futurity may prove a *curse* without one misfortune.

I THINK you are acquainted with Mrs. ——. She is of this unhappy cast.— Her groundless, unwarrantable apprehensions of some *unthreatened* ill, blast all present enjoyment. Health, fortune, an affectionate, sensible, and careful husband, lovely and dutiful children, all unite to fill up her cup of bliss, and persuade her to drink:—but she takes it with such a trembling hand, as entirely to spill its contents! No one article of *real good* can make her happy, through this fear of
some

some *imaginary evil*. Her dear husband cannot take a short journey upon business, but he is robbed and murdered every day of his life. It is true he writes to her every post; but the news of his welfare is wisely considered as an information of the past, without its being any voucher for the future.—Miss *Sally*, her eldest daughter, pines away at home for want of exercise:—walk in the streets she may not, through fear of carriages;—nor would it be safe for her to ramble in the fields,—servants are so careless, she may have a fall, or be kidnapped whilst their backs are turned;—and seldom is she allowed to run in the garden, lest the little heedless creature should prick her fingers in a gooseberry bush.—Master *Billy*'s education is neglected, because school-boys are so rude;—his delicate frame is not able to contend with the hardships children suffer amongst strangers;—or he may catch the small-pox or measles, at school. Do these disorders prevail there? ‘No; but they *may* one time or other; and my
 chil-

236 · GROUNDLESS FEARS.

children may fall sick, lose their beauty,
lose their lives before we are aware !'

THE moment we enter into life, Maria, we are placed in a *chequered* state, where good and evil are largely blended. Which predominates I shall not pretend to say. The question is so extensive and complicated, that were the *Writer* able, a short epistle would not be sufficient to determine it. Whether the balance be nearly equal or not, this I know,—it is always in our own power to throw a great many more weights into the scale of *enjoyment*, than we do. But we seem fond of loading the scale of evil, until Happiness kicks the beam !—What says common sense ? Select the *good*, and make use of every innocent and laudable artifice to secure and increase it:—avoid the *evil* where it is in your power ; and where it is not, hope yourself out of it as well as you can. What do the principles of Justice and Gratitude dictate ? That we value our blessings, when *possessed*, as much

as

as we did when in *prospect*; that we compare, with a philosophic scrutiny, *our* state with even the *envied* state of those around us; that we compare what we possess of the ingredients essentially necessary to the enjoyment of a *rational* Creature, with the little that is wanting to make *such* bliss complete. But suppose the worst: where a man is not the cause of his own misfortunes by his imprudence, and where he cannot avoid them by his prudence, he has a right to make as light of them as possible, either by thinking, or by avoiding thought, as suits his purpose best. As to myself, I generally think of something else, and by some agreeable occupation of my mind, I learn to make myself almost insensible of the evil; and then wait with all the patience I can collect, until the revolution of worldly affairs shall again bring me a little day-light, and sunshine. 'Tis seldom that I wait long.

BUT you say, ' that a disappointment in hope makes the affliction double; and
that

that to fear the worst, often gives us occasion to rejoice in our mistakes.'

I ANSWER, that there are great and leading passions in the human mind, which if opposed, may raise such tempests as not only to destroy every other good, but overwhelm the constitution itself. But with respect to lesser affairs, and the common concerns of life, I still maintain my proposition. In these cases disappointment is by no means *miser*y. For altho' Hope is a pleasing suspense of the mind, yet it is a *suspense*, which in some measure breaks the shock of disappointment. Besides, in these common cases, Hope often fatigates at least half as much as the possession; and this satiety makes *disappointment* little more than a *mistake*. At all events, Hope is generally of a long duration; the effects of the mistake upon us are mostly transient; and by hoping for something else, we soon bring ourselves into such a state, as to forget it entirely.

BUT

BUT Fear to excess, is the greatest possible suffering, and is often more insupportable than the Arrival of the evils we dread. So that it may be a *mercy*, to let the impending calamity fall upon us. Few men suffer in prison half the torments they felt at the instant they were dragging thither !

THUS far Philosophy goes. Religion goes farther. It teaches us to confide in that wise Providence which orders all things for the best : it forbids us to canker the Good we possess through a weak suspicion of some future Evil : it orders us to cast our burthen upon the Lord ; it promises that he will sustain it : and surely it is not difficult to comply with that other injunction, *Rejoice alway, and again I say rejoice.*

You are obliged to my friend P. for the above sermon, as the sequel of my letter will shew.

CHARLES and I came to this place about *seven* in the evening, having sat under

under a wide spreading Mulberry Tree, at *Winflow*, during the heat of the day, quaffing *Negus* to our Mistresses, as friend Horace would have done in hot weather, instead of his renowned *Falernian*, had he known our liquor.

WE had scarcely made the proper enquiries, and given the necessary directions concerning supper, beds, &c. before the said Mr. P. with Mr. F. and his Lady, drove up to the door in a post-chaise. Our excellent friend discovered a manifest disappointment that his *Chere Moitie* and Children had not yet made their appearance. We had ordered tea, but he made us drink it in an attitude similar to that of the Jews taking the Passover; standing with our hats on our heads, and canes or whips in our hands; and scarcely had we finished the last dish, but he urged us to go with him and meet our company on the road.

THE evening was calm and serene. The Sun seemed to be taking his leave of
the

the world in thorough good-humour; and having finished, for the day, his work of benevolence upon the earth, he appeared still to be in a generous mood, and determined to disperse the remainder of his Rays amongst the clouds: while the latter, to shew their gratitude I suppose, were collecting themselves together to form a Curtain for his chambers in the West.

THESE are beauties, O Cheapside, Lombard street, Cornhill, and all the smoaky courts, narrow passages, and blind allies thereunto appertaining, which ye know not!

I WAS in the happiest mood imaginable to enjoy these beauties, but the unfortunate husband and father, would not permit me.—Every carriage we heard at a distance raised his hopes by turns, and by turns sunk them in despair.—This moment we walked too slow,—the next he was expressing his apprehensions that we were not in the right path.—One moment

M

he

he was calculating the distance,—another conjecturing the hour in which they might have set out from Oxford; and like the driver of a stage coach, allowing them but *thirty minutes* at one place, and *twenty* at another, he was distracted that they had not arrived three hours ago.—

SOME accident has certainly happened:—the children are fatigued in travelling!—or they are ill: or the carriage is broken down: or overturned—or —

—Or, you are raising a thousand Devils to torment you before your time; says Charles!

I AM ready, continued Charles, to feel for you in any real distress; but truly, Sir, I cannot find sympathy enough in my constitution to throw it away upon such little incidents. Every day brings with it so many lets, and cross purposes, without real evils, that it is an unnecessary anticipation of misery to be anxious on their account.

BUT here they come in reality. The post-

post-coach, and a post-chaise with it ;
what can it mean ?

THE first tender greetings on Mr. P.'s part consisted of a gentle chide, made up of two parts of affection to one of pettishness :—which you know, my Dear, not to be uncommon upon these occasions. —Matters were however soon adjusted. We found they were all well, and in high spirits, and that their journey had been delightful. Fanny has brought with them her Cousin *Frank* of Magdalen College, and two Collegians of his acquaintance. The causes of their delay were manifold. —*First*, they had been so highly entertained by the curiosities at Oxford, that time passed imperceptibly away. —*Secondly*, they stopped and drank tea on the road, which detained them longer than they had expected. —*Thirdly*, The roads also were sandy, part of the way. —And *Fourthly*, the horses began to be fatigued, so that they advanced slowly for the last five miles.

“So then, says Charles to Mr. P. here are no less than *four* plausible reasons for this delay, without *one* misfortune. Now has not the *Foul Fiend* imposed upon you an unnecessary dose of misery? Thank God that our Fears disappoint us perhaps full as often as our Hopes!”

LET us go to the inn, supper awaits us.
—And a delightful supper it was. All was innocence, mirth and gaiety. We mutually agreed to banish every uneasiness, and leave our cares to that grand magazine of cares, the great Metropolis. Charles thought Fanny heavenly in her looks, and ætherial in her wit and spirit. They were the *Champaign* of the company. Joyous as I was, I could not forbear longing for my more elegant *Burgundy*; if a gallant may be permitted to compare his Mistress to a bottle of wine, either upon account of its *cordial, exhilarating, or intoxicating* quality.

Adieu.

J. B.

LET-

L E T T E R V I I I .

S E L F - I M P O R T A N C E .

Tanta in Muneribus fiducia.

JUV. SAT.



L E T T E R VIII.

Stowe, July, 1769.

TO MARIA.

LITTLE incidents are sometimes pregnant with instruction ; and trivial circumstances, scarcely attended to by the majority of mankind, will frequently furnish a Clue, that shall lead an inquisitive observer, into the inmost recesses of the human heart.

ONE Clue of this nature my friend Charles and myself picked up in the streets of *Buckingham* ; and another upon our first entrance into the publick-room of my present Hotel. These, in the proper order of time, ought to have been mentioned before the incidents recorded in the preceding letter. But our recollection will not always observe order ; nor will thoughts always present themselves at our command. We

M 4

must.

must rest contented therefore to catch them, whenever they are disposed to flow.

As we were riding through the Town of *Buckingham*, the road divided ; and being uncertain *which* to take, Charles asked the simple question of the first person we chanced to meet ;

“ Good Woman, pray which of these is our road to *Stowe* ? ”

“ Good *Woman*, quotha ! ” cries the stranger, placing her arms a’kernbo, and giving a significant jerk with her head. “ Good *Woman*, forsooth ! I am no more a good woman than *yourself*, Sir. To let you know, I have lived in this parish above seven and twenty year and a half, and never was called no other than *Mrs. Bennet*, or *Mrs. Margaret*, or so ; and I’ll not be *good-woman’d* at this time of life, I promise you ; and so you may find your way for your pains, and larn to know who you speak to another time.”

My Companion made her a most obsequious

quious bow, confessing that he was, if possible, more sensible of his error than herself.

Upon our arrival at this place, we were conducted into the public room, by a very smart waiter, who most politely questioned us, ‘*What do you please to want gentlemen?*’

UNMINDFUL of his dignity of office, I answered, ‘why the first thing I shall want is a pair of slippers; for my boots are uneasy. Bring the *Jack*, Waiter.’

THE obliging smiles which were crouding into the muscles of his face, instantly checked themselves, and precipitately retired. Bang went the door, the windows jarred, and the china rattled upon the mantle-piece.—It took me upwards of fifteen minutes, with the aid of courteous language, and a glass of generous wine to efface the severe contractions from his brow.

I CANNOT, Maria, consider these two instances of Self-importance as personal foibles in the parties, so much as faithful samples of human nature at large. This species of Vanity runs through every class

of men; nor escapes perhaps an individual in each class. *All* are vain of something, and think that they possess some gift, some talent, some quality, which gives them a superiority over their neighbours; or at least enables them to maintain their balance. Thus doth the *Man of science* prefer the acquisition of solid knowledge, to the superficial frothiness of a *Wit*: the *Wit* considers the man of Science as little better than a drudge, employed in the collection of materials for himself to play with: while the *Man of Sober Sense*, considers the one as a *Pedant*, and the other a *Coxcomb*, where

they are not employed in the investigation of *useful* knowledge, or in putting vice and folly out of countenance. The *Historian*, *Geometrician*, &c. value themselves for being in pursuit of *facts* alone: the *speculative Philosopher*, considers these *facts* as the *foot-steps* of investigation merely, and finds his superiority in the use which he makes of them: and an *admirer of the Belles Lettres* pities the one and the other when they remain destitute of an improved taste, and refine-

refinement upon their *mental feelings*. The *Divine* swells with the idea of his being *the man of God*, and thinks himself, by virtue of his profession, as superior to the *Physician* or *Counsellor*, as the soul is superior to the *body* or *estate*: the *Physician* maintains, that without *health*, a man can neither enjoy this world, nor suitably prepare for the other: and the *Advocate* pleads that *he* enforces these moral obligations, and secures that peace and property, without which health itself would be of little value. The *King* prides himself with being the Sovereign of millions: and the *Statesman* is vain of being able to direct his sovereign as he pleases. The *Man of Quality* would resent his being taken for a *Plebeian*; and the *Man of an Independant Fortune*, were he suspected of being a *Tradesman*. The *Wholesale Tradesman* feels his superiority, in not being obliged to serve behind the counter; and he that keeps a shop, would but ill brook his being mistaken for his *Journeyman*. A purchaser of *Old Clothes* will thank God that he is

‘I understood that he lodged here, Sir.’

“Who gave you to understand such a falsehood, Sir?”

‘A concurrence of circumstances have led me into it, if it be one—My friend lodges with an Apothecary on this side of the street, and near to this part of it; and I concluded *your’s* must have been the house.’

‘TAKE my word for it, good Sir, your conclusions are *false*. As you seem to have trusted to your *eyes* more than to your *memory*, they might have undeceived you, had you read my inscriptions. I am a WHOLESALE *Chymist* and *Druggist*, and no *Apothecary*, I assure you:—nor are *my* rooms for *Lodgers*, Sir.’

As he was sensible that no reply was requisite, he would not stay for one, but performing a quick evolution, he made a precipitate march behind his counter.

HOWEVER, I soon found my friend’s roof, and was informed he was above stairs.

tairs. Being my own pilot, I was steering directly into the *Dining-room*. The Lady of the mansion desired leave to acquaint me, that she kept the *first floor* for herself and her family : nor did she let the *upper chambers*, but to oblige a *friend*. Begging pardon for the mistake, I ascended to the *second story*. The gentleman received me with a confused countenance,—was sorry I should take so much unnecessary trouble,—blamed the servants for not calling him down to me in his lower apartments,—and took care to hint it was merely from *choice* that he chiefly resided in the upper room, as it was the most airy, and freest from noise.

AT another time, I remember, being fatigued with the peregrinations of the morning, I stepped into a genteel Coffee-House, near Lincoln's-inn, and ordered a gill of *Lisbon*.

“ SIR, we sell no wine by the *Gill*, in this house,” said a decent well-dressed Lady

Lady at the bar, bridling her chin, and rubbing her hand, to give emphasis to the declaration.

‘WHY then, Madam, a single glass of spirits will do as well.’

“THOU vulgar mortal ! What, do you mistake the resort of the *Gentry* for a GIN-SHOP ? On the other side Temple-bar, you may be accommodated with a twopenny glass, but *I* serve no such customers.”

THIS was the only cordial I could get from my fair Hostess, and it warmed me sufficiently till I came on the other side of Temple-Bar, where I found the desired dram heightened by the great civility of the attendant.

SOME years ago, when I was an occasional visitor in town, a *Shoe-black* near *Charing-Cross*, seeing my shoes were not in a condition to ascend a dining-room, ob-

obsequiously saluted me with, *Japan your shoes, your Honour ?*

DISCLAIMING every superiority of class I answered, in the innocence and frolicksomeness of my heart, ‘ Aye, come on, my *Lord*, and I will give you two-pence if you clean them well.’

“ D—N you and your money into the bargain,—says my hero, throwing an old wig into his pan, darting from a curve into a straight line, quick as an unstrung bow, and placing his hands by his sides —“I’d have you to know, Sir, I am as straight and well made a man as any in the kingdom, and no more a *Lord* than yourself, let me tell you.”

‘ COME, come, Honesty I know it, I know it. I was only willing to return the compliment you paid to my *Honor* : —Be pacified, and I’ll give thee sixpence to drink my health, that thou mayest be assured I meant not to insult thee.’

GOD

“God bless your honour, you are a *Gentleman* every inch of you.”

—HE returned to his work—my shoes shone like a polished mirror; and I was entertained with the history of his conquests over the Fair, during the whole of the operation.

DIVERTED with the scene, I was willing to relate it to my Hostess in the evening, when I returned to my lodgings.

‘*Landlady*, I have met with a humorous adventure to day.’——

“SIR,” says she, in a grave accent, “it is not the custom in *London*, whatever it may be in other places, to give that title to the *Mistress of an Hotel*. The expression is vulgar, fit only for a *Pot-house*, or an *Inn-keeper’s*, and I wonder any *Gentleman* can make use of it. However,” adds she, with ineffable condescension, “I shall be glad to hear of your adventure.”

THIS

THIS sudden shock took away my inclination for a recital : and the better to evade it, I proposed deferring my narrative till after supper, especially as she seemed somewhat engaged. After supper I complained of being fatigued and sleepy, and begged to be conducted to my chamber.

“ MARY,” commanded the hostess,
“ show the Gentleman to the *Antelope*.”

‘ I SHALL be glad, *Mary*, if you would
just air my bed.’

THE girl changed her complexion, bit her lips, and gave a toss with her head, which convinced me, that whatever freedom her *Mistress* might take, *I* ought to have called her *Mrs. Mary* or *Molly* at least : and in order to make reprisals, she transferred the office to her fellow servant.

“ SARAH, show the *Man* that supped
in the *George* to his room ; and he is to
have

have his bed warmed, I think my mistress says."

THE Man in the *George*, walking to his Bed in the *Antelope*, was as heartily mortified at being curtailed the dissyllable GENTLE, as any of those could have been, whose vanity had contributed so much to his amusement : and he learned that he was not able to laugh at the follies of mankind, *without* HIS OWN *being included in the number.*

T H E E N D.







